JOHN BULL, ONE PENNY JANUARY 31, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI 1859

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SAND IN THE WORKS By the EDITOR

STALIN'S MIRACLE No. 2

BE READY FOR THE SPRING By A.G.G.

How to make the MOST of your milk

Here's the way to make cocoa with a minimum amount of milk. For each cup you mix a teaspoonful of cocoa and a little boiling water with 1½ teaspoonfuls of sugar into a thick paste. Then fill up with boiling water and finally add two or three teaspoonfuls of cold milk.
Used in this way Bournville Cocoa helps to eke out your limited milk supplies.

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The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa today and make it your regular meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

Prices: *Quarter-lb. 5d. Half-lb. 9½d.*

"It's a question of good taste," says Pop Carrot. "And *my* taste is delicious. I'm equally welcome in sweet or savoury, stewpot or saucepan. Of course I *could* tell you all about my Vitamin A. But that would be boasting, and besides — *it's the flavour that counts.*"

Here's a recipe for a good savoury:

Potato and Carrot Pancake

Boil together 1¼ lbs. potatoes and 1¼ lbs. sliced carrots; strain (saving the liquid for soup) and mash well with salt and pepper to taste. Make a little fat very hot in a stout frying-pan, put in the mixture and fry very slowly. It will develop a deliciously crisp crust. Or bake to a good brown if you are using the oven. Enough for 4.

Every girl can have a Film Star complexion . . .

. . . for Lux Toilet Soap can be made to last twice as long

EVERY girl naturally wants to treat herself to the soap-and-water beauty care of the film stars. So it's not surprising if shopkeepers sometimes run short of Lux Toilet Soap, the beauty soap of the film stars.

But that needn't mean you go short. For with a little thought, you can make your Lux Toilet Soap go twice as far.

You see, this famous soap has an *active* lather — a lather that lasts longer than the lather made by ordinary soaps. *It doesn't dry up and disappear.*

Because of this, one simple twist of the tablet gives you enough lather in hard water to soap your hands and arms. In soft water, you'll get enough lather to soap your face and neck as well.

And here are two helpful hints. Keep your soap as dry as you can. Never let it swim about in the bath or basin or in a watery dish. And when you come to the end of a tablet, stick the remaining piece on to the new tablet. You'll save a lot of soap this way.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

A LEVER PRODUCT

Please
spread the
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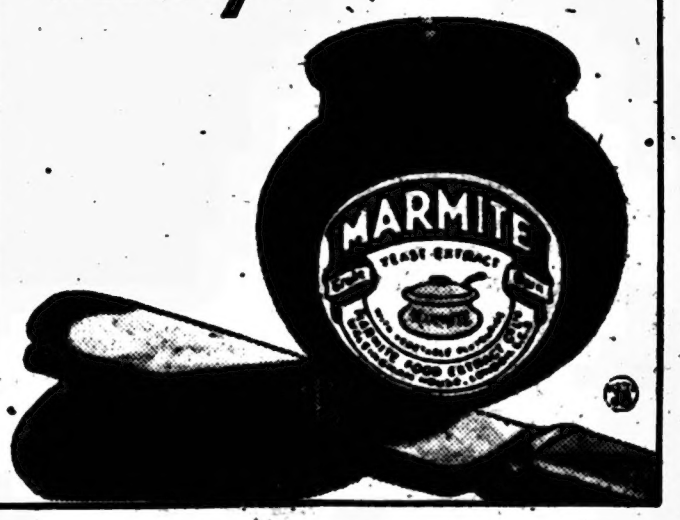
thinly!



WAR WORKERS FIRST

MUST SHE WALK HOME?

You who can choose your travel-times—*please* avoid rush hours. So many people have no choice, going to and fro on essential jobs, that it isn't LOYAL to make matters worse for them. On bus, or tram, or train, remember this—*war workers deserve first place.*

TRAVEL BETWEEN
10 & 4
and don't crowd out the War Workers.

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

"Some months ago I had a most remarkable instance of how flagging energies may be temporarily revived. A certain area

was badly hit and what with preparing means of entry, contacting casualties and a hundred other customary jobs, the energies of some of us, not unnaturally, showed signs of flagging. Then someone produced a supply of Mars Bars and offered them round. The effect on my fellows was amazing. They all seemed at once to pick up reinforcements of energy and stuck to the job magnificently."

EACH bar of Mars still contains just those vital calories—the fuel element of food—we need; still possesses that unique flavour and delicious malted centre, but Mars Bars are now rationed. Therefore when you come across any, ask yourself: am I one of the people who needs the energy they supply? . . . and act accordingly.

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½d.	
FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½d.
EGGS	64
MILK	190
BEEF	131
Mars	220

Mars
GRAND FOOD . . . GRAND FLAVOUR! 2½d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 31, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

BUMBLEDOM

● **Hitler was right about one thing. He described this war as a "revolution."**

So it is. The world—not even Britain—will never go back to the pre-1939 mess and muddle.

And our lads will come back determined to achieve the Better Britain they have been promised.

Let there be no mistake about that. But some of our logical bigwigs have yet to realise it.

At Airdrie, three children have been in the workhouse since September. They have been there only because their father cannot look after them.

You see, he is a prisoner of war.

Lanarkshire's director of education doesn't think this soldier will mind the fact that—because he went to fight for Britain—his children have been pitched into the workhouse.

We do. So does a county councillor who shouted: "I wouldn't even send a dog to that place." So do other councillors who moved a vote of censure.

But they cannot obtain an assurance that the situation will not be allowed to happen again.

JOHN BULL hopes that the assurance will come from an indignant House of Commons.

Straight from the Shoulder

SACK THE MUDDLERS!

THIS week's debate in Parliament will not allay public uneasiness and impatience, nor still the general demand for a more vigorous war policy.

But it has been valuable.

It has conveyed a clear warning to the Government. It has shown that criticism cannot be nullified by appeals for votes of confidence, nor the tide of war turned by a personal triumph.

Sharing the Blame

That criticism will continue to be strong and outspoken.

There is no disposition to belittle the Prime Minister. On the contrary, the public regrets that he should be embarrassed by the failures of other Ministers.

Nevertheless, responsibility for failure must be borne by the Government as a whole.

No! So-Dumb Millions

Moves made by Mr. Churchill leave no doubt that he realises the need to expand production and improve the military situation.

He did well, moreover, to give way on the question of broadcasting his Commons speeches.

He would do even better to offer a gesture like this towards India—instead of a hint that India should remain dumb until after the war.

Amery Must Go

Sack Mr. Amery! Hand over his job to Sir Stafford Cripps!

It was a stroke of genius to send Cripps to Moscow. It would be supreme statesmanship to make him Secretary for India.

For that would create a new atmosphere in which problems could be faced instead of shelved.

Into the Cold

Mr. Amery is not the only failure who should be pitched from comfortable high office into the cold.

There are too many costly nonentities in the Government.

They cannot be afforded by a nation fighting for life. They are worse than extravagant luxuries; they are hindrances to that smooth organisation that alone will achieve Victory.

Big Business

And there are dangerous practices as well as dilly-dally personalities.

We must call a halt to the handing over of war production to the figureheads of Big Business!

Enough of Them!

Above all, let us have no more repetitions of the miserable fiascos of Crete and Malaya!

Clearly our best safeguard would be the dismissal of all—Ministers and commanders alike—who have been responsible for neglecting our defences, and thus humiliating us in the eyes of the world.

Boom!

The trenchant voice of Lord ("Boom") Trenchard need not deafen us to the dictates of common-sense.

He doesn't like newspaper headlines about the sacking of generals and admirals. He doesn't want criticism of men who did well in the last war.

But we are not fighting the last war. And we cannot tolerate any commander or politician who still thinks in terms of a bygone age.

Defending the 'Dromes

But "Boom" is right on one point. He stresses that the first defence of our aerodromes is the provision of fighter aircraft.

True, also, that our Fighter Command is now strong. But fighters are wanted not only to protect our own skins. They are urgently required in the Pacific, in Russia and China.

Cause for Doubt

And dare we be satisfied with the state of our ground defences?

JOHN BULL says emphatically that they are monstrously and inexcusably poor. Their defects cannot be hidden by the whitewash so lavishly ladled out by Government apologists.

Blissful Ignorance!

Do those Government spokesmen ever take the trouble to visit a 'drome? Are they aware of the feeling of frustration and indignation among the men who are said to be "defending" key positions?

Their attention should be drawn to a highly important aerodrome in Southern England—not because it is exceptional but because it typifies the defects that have been revealed more clearly in these columns.

Well-Armed!

It is guarded both by the Army and the new R.A.F. Regiment.

The lads in blue are armed with pieces of wood supposed to represent rifles. The lads in khaki have weapons they have not been fully trained to use.

Ready for All!

Troops spend a whole day preparing to mount guard.

Puttees must be treated with a blanco that remains bright for only a few hours. Gas-mask cords must be silvered.

Thus they make ready to "resist the enemy." But nobody has ever told them anything about the enemy's methods of attack.

Invitation

As for the efficiency of the ground defences, intelligent soldiers declare that they could be pierced by a single platoon.

"Give us an old 'bus armed with machine-guns, supported by a company of infantry—you wouldn't need tanks—and we'd take the whole aerodrome without trouble."

These men add: "The pity is that, given good training and enlightened leadership, and the right equipment, our Army would be the best in the world."

We Wonder

Perhaps the Government optimists who left so many questions unanswered in last week's debate would care to explain why such "defences" are considered adequate to resist dive-bombers and parachute landings.

Perhaps they will tell us whether the defenders can summon tanks from near-by and bomb-proof centres.

They might even inform us whether all the Home Guards—even those on exposed coasts—are equipped with rifles, let alone Bren guns.

Self-Assured

But we do not want reassurances from them. We want facts.

We have been sated with "assurances" ever since the previous Government boasted of Britain's "almost terrifying power" in March, 1938.

For in September of that year we had not a single Spitfire and hardly any modern anti-aircraft guns, though we had been spending vast sums on rearmament.

Unprepared

We remember Lord Ironside's boast, "Let them come; we are ready for them."

And we remember that when the enemy came on, the B.E.F. in Flanders had no armour-piercing shells for field-guns and no anti-tank guns, only 23 Mark II tanks apart from light tanks and armoured cars that were useless against the enemy's armour.

So They Said

Even the present Government implied that all was well last summer, when it derided the suggestion that our war production was 30 per cent. below the maximum. Yet soon it was appealing for an extra 40 per cent.

It promised an air offensive that failed to materialise.

And, of course, the commander whom Lord Trenchard defends assured us last October that Malaya could handle any situation that might arise, though three months later we had started the Malayan landslide.

Three Demands

The public is therefore sceptical of vague assurances and promises of better times to come.

It requires the dismissal of incompetents, a tremendous expansion in supplies for Russia and our own Forces, and a willingness to heed suggestions for overcoming all the difficulties that prevent us from emulating the splendid achievements of our Soviet allies.

F. D. R. up Against It

For, of course, there are difficulties!

President Roosevelt, in his dealings with the South American States, is now getting a taste of our earlier difficulties in Europe.

His production dictator, Mr. Nelson, will undoubtedly encounter the difficulties that still beset us in the industrial field.

In the Way

We are short of coal. There is still overlapping in our transport services, and still a delay in getting war workers to their jobs.

There is still an official craze for billeting workers as far from their jobs as possible.

There are bottlenecks in supply departments; hampering festoons of red tape in all departments.

Move On

Fortunately, the Minister of Agriculture has promised to do everything advocated by JOHN BULL for increasing food production.

Also, let us hope, he will see that War Agricultural Committees cut their red tape and provide kindly and timely assistance for backward farms.

The farmer should be given more labour, more supplies of barbed wire and machinery *when he needs them;* the Minister should give heed to schemes for pooling tractors and labour.

Urgent Needs

The need for food production is now vital. Our need of munitions, tanks, 'planes and ships will increase.

If we are to improve our showing in the Far East, in Libya, and in our aid to Russia and China, we must sweep away every obstacle to smoother organisation both in Whitehall and throughout the land!

(Contied overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SERIOUS allegations are being made against officials in a Royal Ordnance factory.

They include:

Wholesale theft of petrol and timber.

Private cars are repaired in the factory garage. Spare parts for them are made in the tool-room.

Electricians, painters and joiners spend days at the private houses of officials. Rationed goods are supplied from works canteens to the executives. And so on.

Look, Lord Beaverbrook!

Such abuses of the war effort constitute sabotage. Its perpetrators deserve no mercy.

We therefore suggest that Lord Beaverbrook should turn his restless eyes to his own factories.

No Hands Wanted

Again we invite the attention of Mr. Bevin to his own Employment Exchanges.

One reader was passed out as a bench worker from a State training centre last October. He's been unemployed ever since—but he's told he may be given a few days' work clearing snow away!

Is there still a labour shortage, Mr Bevin?

Vital Work!

Evidently not, for a ballet dancer has just been granted exemption from military service.

He said he was doing an immense amount of good by "keeping people alive to beauty."

It is perhaps more important to keep people alive by giving them enough food. But farm workers are being called-up.

Ballet before bread!

It Beats Us

So it's strange that the Minister of Agriculture is urging farmers to greater efforts. Perhaps Mr. Hudson will next tell them how the fields can be tended without labour—unless, of course, ballet dancers volunteer to help.

Exit the Diggers

No doubt he was pleased by the Dig for Victory Week that a Southern town staged a fortnight ago. But last week, Mr. Hudson, many of the town's allotment-holders were given notice to quit.

After two and a half years of war the military have just discovered that the ground is needed for defence works.

Officialdom Waxes Fat

Pursuing Mr. Hudson, let us tell him about a farmer who was promised 9d. a pound deadweight for a healthy bull. Taking it to the slaughtering centre, he received 4d. a pound for the meat, 3½d. a pound for the hide.

You can't buy good beef at 4d. a pound in the butcher's shop. Only Mr. Hudson can say where the big difference goes.

Forced Idleness

When ships engaged in the Battle of the Atlantic are waiting to be turned round, London firemen stationed at the docks are indignant because they cannot lend a hand. You see, they happen to be skilled dockers as well as firemen.

Other Civil Defence workers would like a useful job while waiting for the *Luftwaffe* to appear. But Mr. Herbert Morrison seems too busy with his precious Regulation 18b to listen to their demand.

Turned Away

Here's another example of wasted labour:

Miner employed in a pit for thirty years, with a record output, smashed his foot in an accident last June. Discharged from hospital in December, he was advised to take up light work for a while.

But the colliery won't find him a light job. It says, "Take up your old job or go to the devil—and meanwhile your compensation will be reduced to 12s. a week."

Bad Management

The country needs coal. Therefore, the pits need all the labour they can get—light or heavy.

They also need decent management.

Follow the Band!

We suspect that labour is also being wasted in the multitude of new Service bands. If the bandsmen are really trained to bear arms as well as play saxophones, we shall be glad to hear it.

But, like many men in uniform, we fancy that to join the band is an easy way of dodging the column.

Big Money

If the bandsmen are really first-rate, they can get leave to appear in pantomime or cabaret for £50 or so a week—as we have mentioned before.

We mention it again only because we still can't understand how this practice squares up with the "equality of sacrifice" principle.

Men in Plenty

We even wonder if the Services haven't too many men already.

Nearly every day, an Army or R.A.F. lorry arrives at a certain factory. Usually, it takes seven Servicemen to collect half a dozen oxygen cylinders; whereas two of the factory's own drivers deliver up to 150 cylinders a time.

Chilling the Blood

Just to read of other Service conditions is enough to freeze your blood. They may, of course, be exaggerated—but it is disturbing to hear of troops in a Midlands town, and W.A.A.F.s in a Sussex camp, having to go without fires, hot water, or even furniture.

If the authorities care to investigate, we'll supply the details.

Soldiers Scrub

And when a detachment of A.T.S. girls were expected at an Army H.Q. recently, maybe it was intended as a nice welcome to make twenty soldiers scrub the floors, clean the paintwork and do other odd jobs all morning in the billets the girls were to occupy.

But it's hardly consistent with what we are told about the girls releasing the men for fighting.

Comfortable Journey

Was it really necessary, also, for twelve Army lorries, six motor-cyclists and a police van to convey Italian prisoners-of-war from a Scottish station to an internment camp two miles away?

They could surely have walked, and thus saved petrol for which our seamen have to risk their lives.

It All Helps!

One further tip to the authorities:

It would help the war effort if better arrangements were made to collect waste paper and card from balloon barrage centres in the provinces.

We Change Our Mind

Mention of waste paper reminds us that some incurable idiots are still circulating those "lucky" chain letters.

We used to advise you to use them for lighting the fire. Nowadays, of course, you'll hand them over to the dustman for conversion into bullets.

Buried

One of the most efficient branches of war service is the salvaging of smashed 'planes. Miracles of repair are performed; burned and crumpled material is remade.

But even the most efficient organisations sometimes fail. As when a 'plane crashed in the Isle of Man and many loads of soil were carted up to bury it without any salvage effort being made.

The Great Unwanted

Are milk roundsmen aware of the need for salvage?

One reader counted 132 empty milk bottles left by workmen in a London street. We have counted a few scores ourselves that are ignored by roundsmen day by day.

An opportunity, here, for activity by local councils.

Cute

But the strangest story of the week comes from Liskeard, where allegations of a black market in shallots have been made by the chairman of the Food Control Committee.

One of his own members has obtained a licence to sell shallots at 2s. a pound, though other shopkeepers are restricted to the controlled price of 5d.

Now, why does officialdom grant licences to enable a privileged few to make big profits?

The State Benefits

Most regrettable story of the week concerns a sweepstake raised by Chertsey firemen in aid of a comrade injured during a Bristol raid and now on public assistance.

Then the law intervened, because the law doesn't countenance lotteries.

Mercifully, the Bench dismissed the case on payment of costs. But the £40 collected by the firemen has been impounded!

Not Justice

In a big Welsh centre the Majesty of the Law is represented by a Recorder. He's a nice old gentleman, but his leniency is such that he hardly ever convicts even hardened criminals.

The police are in despair, and we agree that soft-heartedness is not always Justice.

Will the Lord Chancellor eventually intervene?

Three Years' Hard

Slowness of the Law is exemplified by the case of a London Transport employee who, in February, 1939, was reported for not picking up a passenger.

After going through various courts, it was decided by the House of Lords this month.

Even allowing for appeals, it shouldn't take three years to settle so trivial an incident.

Was It Enough!

For cold courage, read the story of the diver who continued salvage work during a bombing attack and when mines were being exploded.

Concussion from one of the mines could have crushed him like an eggshell, and he had some amazing escapes.

He has been awarded the B.E.M. Why, we wonder, only the B.E.M.—when bomb-removal men in rather similar circumstances have been given the George Cross?

Strange System

Indeed, the whole system of awards for gallantry needs reconsideration.

Yes, we've said that before. We shall go on saying it so long as apparent inconsistencies continue and allegations of favouritism remain unanswered.

Behind the News

- **Dreading home reaction at the sight of frozen and hungry troops on the eastern front, Nazis have banned cameras east of Poland.**

- *Shortage of coal and other heating has compelled Nazis to cut off gas and electricity in occupied towns where war work is not being carried on; even inside Germany small towns are rationed to three hours' light a day.*

- In less than a year of Nazi occupation of "allied" Bulgaria, all wheat reserves have been removed to Germany and bread lines created instead

- **Nazi economic chief Funk has been working behind the scenes with Bank of Italy to fend off inflation which threatens the Reichsbank.**

- *Secrets of Hun gold deposits still trickling through to Switzerland are gradually coming to light Recent drive for wedding-rings in France and elsewhere lined pockets of Nazi leaders only.*

- **Nazi Chief of Health has purged at least half the local immigration officers for allowing cases through which have later developed typhus.**

- **Four "sacked" *Reichswehr* generals have asked permission to leave Germany and to live in Spain. Franco, taking no risks, has refused visas till after the Spring.**

- *Behind threats to Vichy through Nazi-controlled Paris Press and radio Axis agents are going cap in hand to North African authorities to ask accommodation for Nazi wounded from Russia and Libya.*

- **Nazis are so frightened of Italy's effort to get out of the war that they are censoring all Italian stage scripts and ban war subjects, even jokes, except personal abuse of Allied leaders.**

- *Baldur von Schirach, Governor of Austria has threatened Austrians with dire consequences if they persist in their hostility to Germans from Prussia.*

- German winter sport resorts remain empty because the usual German patrons dare not show they have still ample warm sports equipment for fear it would be confiscated for the troops in Russia.

- **Since November, no shoes have been made in Occupied Countries except for Nazi troops; hence great increase in illness among civilians.**

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

SAND IN THE WORKS

RUSSIA'S Trade Union delegates visiting our factories, have inspired our workers with fresh enthusiasm. They have also helped to open our eyes to some hitherto little noticed flaws in our production system.

With their cold realism and honest logic these men and women from the Soviets have concentrated entirely on production and left politics alone.

They came here to see what Britain is doing to secure that maximum output which the United Nations must achieve to make early victory possible.

Shvernik, their leader, summed up one of the impressions they formed in these words: "We cannot say we have seen bad work in your factories, but we do feel that *more initiative is needed on the part of the workers.*"

These are plain words from comrade to comrade. The Soviet Delegates evidently consider—and JOHN BULL *agrees with them—that many Trades Unionists here are too much inclined to split straws about their rights and privileges and to be much too short-sighted about their post-war interests.*

Fundamental rights must, of course, be firmly protected, but the workers are no more likely to return to their exact pre-war routine than are the employers.

Whatever the Russians may have thought about constructive planning, the lay-out of factories and other technical aspects of production they said little about these things and confined their appeal mainly to the workers themselves.

They would like to see women take over more men's jobs, and they constantly stressed the need for harder work and, in their view, for longer hours.

No sacrifices by the factory workers can be too great—the Russians say—provided they be made solely to supply the men at the front. In Russia the sole concern of the shop stewards is expressed in the question: "Will this help production?"

Despite Government promises and the ever-growing need for maximum production, dilution has been far too slow.

Trained men are still deeply suspicious of trainees; they are still, in some cases, resentful of women's competition. They will not train the learners as well and as fast as they could be trained.

Moreover, as we had occasion to point out only last week, there is a tendency here and there to stand pat on peace-time customs, as witness the disappointing performance of Clydeside dockers.

THIS is, of course, only one part of the general production picture, though it is one which ought by no means to be overlooked.

Readers of JOHN BULL know how consistently we have ventilated workers' complaints about muddle and mismanagement. We are well aware, for instance, that many employers still hopefully expect to retain their skilled men and even to engage more.

And we know that in some factories, particularly those where the rotten "cost plus" system is in force, numbers of willing workers are forced to loaf for sheer lack of work to do.

In a recently received letter, typical of many an aircraft welder complains bitterly that the welders in his factory have been "sitting about doing little or nothing day after day until they get thoroughly 'browned off.'"

This correspondent feels that it should surely be possible for them to be lent to other firms with more work to do and, under a better system, no doubt it should.

Faulty management, strangling red tape, greed and inefficiency—these things JOHN BULL has exposed again and again.

The Government itself has paid lip service to the principle of co-operation, and has set up innumerable committees to further this principle.

But the cardinal fact remains that there is no adequate direction from above.

How are we to secure it? "Smooth working machinery" must have a Production Minister to control it.

We have always wanted "a Man with a Plan." We have always insisted upon the need for a Minister with authority to decide upon priorities. This is the key to the whole production problem. In the War Cabinet there should be one man in charge of this vital arm of total war.

Perhaps by the time this article is in print, the Premier may have anticipated our desires, but JOHN BULL will not be fully satisfied until the Man with the Plan is actually at work with all the instruments of production—factories, dockyards, arsenals, laboratories, and so on—under his control, so that the orders for supply may be co-related and all priorities determined strictly in accordance with national needs.

Where two or more Services are both clamouring for capacity output for this and that—for tanks, fighting aircraft, bombers, ships of war or ships of commerce—the Production Minister will apportion supplies as the priorities, determined by strategical and tactical needs, demand, and call upon other contractors to assist.

Only by this means shall we overcome the tendency to production by bits and pieces, and fits and starts.

OUR new Minister will need, of course, a joint committee representative of the trades unions and the employers to advise and assist him, but under him we can hope for direction from the top downwards.

You cannot speed production, as a whole, from the individual factory; the drive must come from above.

Orders would be placed with regard, not only to local, but to national requirements, and time-lags could be largely eliminated.

Directly under the Production Minister would come the Regional Organisation, and under that the works themselves, with joint committees of management and union shop stewards to deal with immediate factory problems and to shout for what they want.

One other thing is essential: that the Production Minister should work in close accord with the Minister of Defence and the War Council.

We believe that under a new system of this kind the entire industrial machine would work more smoothly and at far greater speed.

The keen workers would grow keener still and those who have not yet caught the all-out spirit of the Russians would be stimulated by the general increase of efficiency to a new enthusiasm.

Employers would be under a constant national drive to go all out, to abandon peace-time ways and methods and to up-end bickerings within their industries.

AND THERE WOULD BE NO MORE SAND IN THE WORKS.

£100,000,000 is Still Going Begging!

MONEY, food, scrap metal, paper, rubber. Saving is in the air—and it's vital to victory.

So now's the time once again to remind Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he can join the hunt in a big way.

In his lumber room, as it were, waiting to be salvaged, are tens of millions of unclaimed securities and money in the keeping of banks, safe deposits and Charity Commissioners.

★ ★ ★

It is money which is doing nobody any good. Only the bankers relish having these dead accounts. They make money out of them.

It is money which the State has a good right to pick up.

No one will be robbed. No one will go short. All of us will benefit by putting that money to some useful purpose. And what better purpose to-day than paying for the war?

There is at least £100,000,000 of unclaimed money lying about the country.

The Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks have on their books over £4,000,000 without known or traceable owners.

In the Bank of England there is at least another £10,000,000.

And in the other banks there is probably at least twice that amount.

But the biggest pool of unclaimed

★

We are told that all our resources are needed to win the war, so what about this little morsel?

money is that in the hands of the Charity Commissioners, who control enormous sums. Up-to-date figure of money "going begging" in the hands of the Commissioners is not known, but it is certain that its total far overshadows the others.

Then right away down at the other end of the scale are the remaining funds of charities which have outlived the purposes for which they were raised.

Some date back nearly 100 years. Typical is the Oaks Colliery Disaster Fund. Created 1866-67, it has over £16,000 to its credit. It is virtually certain that all who could possibly have claims on this and many other funds are long since dead.

★ ★ ★

Over and above these items there are incalculable amounts of cash, gold, securities, jewels and valuable works of art lying in safe deposit vaults, in bank safes and in private hoards.

For years these treasures have lain unclaimed by their owners, many of whom must have been dead for a long time.

They belong to nobody. Their value may run into hundreds of millions of pounds.

JOHN BULL says: "Take them all, Sir Kingsley. Use them to help pay for the costliest war in history."

If you are frightened to tackle the job yourself, leave it to Professor J. Maynard Keynes. He put you on to the post-war credit scheme in your last Budget. By it he got you a little way out of the rut. Give him his head on unclaimed funds and other matters and he will get you out completely this time.

★ ★ ★

Treasury experts will tell you that it is illegal to take this money. Well, make it legal. If they fear that the owners will turn up years later to claim their money and valuables you can easily give a guarantee that they will be paid out in full.

While taxpayers are risking their lives, while those of their families are in danger, they don't like to think that money is lying idle doing nothing.

It will hearten them if you take that unclaimed money and use it.

Be bold, Sir Kingsley. And don't think that you will get away with the excuse that the sum involved is too small to bother about. No sum is too small these days.

Anyhow, even if you rake in *only* £100,000,000, it is enough to pay for *one whole week's war expenditure.* And it is that amount less to come out of the taxpayers' pockets.

Miss MARY SUTHERLAND, Chief Woman Officer, Labour Party

DEAR MISS SUTHERLAND,—No unusual story to you, I suspect, is the grievance of a young mother engaged on war work.

Her husband is in uniform. She earns 90s. a week for long hours in the factory. Out of that she has to pay 50s. to baby-minders who take care of her three children—whom she sees only once a week.

In four months she has had to find nine different "homes" for the babies!

You and I know why this good citizen—like so many others—is penalised for helping the war effort.

It is because of the lack of day nurseries.

And for that lack we must blame the Minister of Health.

Bull-voiced Mr. Ernest Brown is mule-like in his obstinacy. Local authorities who seek permission to build day nurseries are obstructed and delayed.

Mr. Brown tells them coldly that women war workers should make their own arrangements for the care of their children.

Even in London, only 800 babies can be accommodated in approved nurseries. Eventually there will be room for 6,000. But there are 55,000 "under-fives" for whom the scheme should cater.

In the provinces, the position is even worse. Mr. Brown doesn't let it worry him.

You suggest a new system. You would enrol registered "minders" for all children of employed women, and you would arrange careful supervision and inspection by local welfare authorities.

A good scheme. An excellent substitute for districts where the provision of nurseries is difficult.

But I doubt if Mr. Brown will adopt it. I doubt if Mr. Brown will aid Mr. Bevin's drive for greater armament production as much as thousands of mothers are cheerfully doing.

And I doubt if those mothers will get a fair deal unless we get a new Minister of Health.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Air Marshal P. BABINGTON, R.A.F. Chief of Personnel

DEAR SIR,—An airman's boots point the way to a whole lot of R.A.F. absurdities.

He sent them for repair, with the label tied between them. According to regulations, he should have tied it to the left boot only.

So, for his sin, he has been confined to camp for seven days.

Now tell me something. How will that piece of tomfoolery persuade him to be a better airman?

How will it make him more efficient in defending his aerodrome or preparing a bomber to raid Berlin?

I'd like to know. So would he.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD CLARK KERR, Our Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—It won't be easy for a professional diplomat to succeed Sir Stafford Cripps. But you are, fortunately, less starchy and more efficient than some other ambassadors I could name, and you are not afraid to disagree with the starchiest of Foreign Office panjandrums.

At any rate, you go to Moscow with a fine reputation as the friend of Russia's ally, China.

It will not be forgotten that you and the Russian Ambassador, alone of all the foreign diplomats, remained during the bombing of Chungking. "The Foreign Office has ordered me to remove the Embassy," you said, "but they cannot order me to remove my body."

And it is known that you were always urging greater aid to China.

I hope you'll witness even greater aid to Russia during your stay in Moscow. I hope you'll not only carry on the good work of Cripps, but succeed in removing the last vestige of misunderstanding between two great peoples.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. TOM JOHNSTON, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—Here is a case as cruel as the heartless evictions of last century:

An old crofter, his blind sister of seventy-two, and another sister, have been ejected from their cottage to make room for a young shepherd employed by the Department of Agriculture.

Their furniture has been put into the road; they have had to seek shelter in a house condemned as insanitary six years ago. Its walls sag, the roof leaks; yet the Department owns empty houses that could have been made suitable for the shepherd.

It is said that officialdom acted with your authority, but I refuse to believe a Labour Minister guilty of such autocratic callousness. Won't you explain?—JOHN BULL.

The COMMANDANT, Air Training Corps

DEAR SIR,—Parents complain that their sons who join the Air Training Corps have to pay a medical examination fee.

I do not suppose the practice is general, but that it should be tolerated at all is preposterous

You can imagine the hubbub that would be caused if men called up for the Army had to pay for the privilege of being classed as medically fit!—JOHN BULL.

The FOOD OFFICER, Essex

DEAR SIR,—Several people bought "milk powder" from a travelling van. Analysis proved it to be a mixture of flour and salt, and you were asked to prosecute.

But, you say, as it was bought from a travelling shop you will have to bide your time to obtain samples in "a proper manner."

Rubbish! You know the firm responsible, and you should not delay in taking action against every suspected food racketeer brought to your notice.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Stoke-on-Trent

GENTLEMEN,—A woman died in the City Maternity Hospital. The doctor in charge was later convicted and imprisoned as an impostor, but no compensation was paid to the woman's husband.

Now the husband, too, is dead—victim of a pit accident. Three children are left orphans.

Consequently, I urge you to reconsider the question of a grant. I wager your ratepayers won't object if you show some human compassion!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—You demand decent billets for workers. I know you mean it. But do local billeting officers?

Three workers were sent to lodge at a Letchworth house. They paid 25s. a week each—and were given only two slices of bread and margarine before starting out for eleven hours' night work.

Eventually, I am told, the landlady turned them out, and they had to go to the police.

I think the police should be allowed to deal with billeting officers who send decent men to filthy and "starvation-diet" lodgings.—JOHN BULL.

Miss TREFUSIS FORBES, Commandant, W.A.A.F.

DEAR MADAM,—One of your spokesmen states categorically that any W.A.A.F. officer whose monthly mess bill is more than £3 must be overspending on extras such as drinks or cigarettes.

But in a police court it has been stated quite as definitely that an officer is compelled to pay £6 a month, plus 10s. laundry.

I can't reconcile the two statements; nor, I am sure, can anyone else. Therefore, in justice to the officer concerned and to all others who may be paying too much, the figures should be officially checked up.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD B. CANNY, Chairman, Board of Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR,—Time and again a reader has made it clear on his income tax papers that he is a married man with one child. Time and again your tax hawks insist on assessing him as a bachelor.

Just another case of waste of time and paper! Just a typical example of the irritating ineptitude of some of your officials!—JOHN BULL.

These Foolish Fathers!

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By Pallas

WHEN I was a boy I never knew what the words "easy money" meant. I did not know poverty, but I realised early in life that every penny coming into the house had work to do; that there was no economic margin for waste or extravagance.

My first pocket-money was a penny a week. Later, when I began to attend high school, my allowance was trebled. And I shall never forget the anguish that came to me when I had to decide how best to spend that threepence.

I added to my "income" in various ways. Every Saturday morning I walked three miles to deliver newspapers and periodicals to my headmaster, who lived in a neighbouring village.

For this service I received three-halfpence and an apple. Not a princely reward, but considerable, when I got only a penny from my mother.

★ ★ ★

Collecting papers and tobacco for my eldest brother brought me in another penny a week. (I hope he reads this and blushes with shame at the printed record of his stinginess.)

Running errands for granny was the most lucrative job. She rarely gave me less than twopence each Saturday.

These memories came back to me when I read of the case of a nine-year-old boy whose father gave him 5s. a week pocket-money.

The chairman of the Southwark court, told of this, said to the father: "You must be really mad. Your boy ought to be getting threepence a week. It is you parents who cause half the trouble."

By that, I suppose, the magistrate meant that many of the cases before his court were due to youngsters getting "easy money," and having once had some, wanting more.

★ ★ ★

I am no moralist so far as money is concerned. I don't know, even now, whether the penury of my early years was good or bad for me.

But it is wrong to blame parents for allowing their children comparatively large pocket-money. The fault lies in the way children are brought up to spend the money.

If parents are thriftless; if they show no regard for money; if they are soft, yielding to the demands of their children, then the children themselves are likely to grow up with a contempt for money.

And the consequent disillusionment of later years, when the first realisation dawns that money has to be earned by brain or brawn, is unpleasant.

I know how difficult it is, especially in these times when the spending power of money is so restricted and diminished, to resist the pleadings of children whose hearts are set on buying something.

So who am I to argue that lack of money in the days of my youth taught me to teach others the virtue of thrift?

It's Like a Flying Niagara!

This glowing picture by a writer who is himself an experienced flyer is something about which you *can* cheer without any of the restraining caution that bitter experience has taught us.

By RALPH MICHAELIS

I AM writing from Canada.

I am moving among the tens of thousands of keen youngsters who are in training to blast the *Luftwaffe* from the skies.

Mr. Churchill once spoke of the "so few" who won the Battle of Britain.

They will be so many, next time.

And they are so determined. If Hitler could see how determined, his present restless dreams would become nightmares.

How have you been picturing this Empire Air Training Scheme?

Three aerodrome-training-schools? Six perhaps? Twelve at most?

Well, I have just been conducting an aerial survey of them. I have visited more than two dozen stations, all brimming over with that Battle of Britain spirit.

If I had visited a hundred of them, stretching across Canada in a 3,000-miles-line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I should have still left unvisited some of the huge airfields that make up the scheme.

The Human Element

First I would write about the human material. For, let Hitler steal all the factories he can in the invaded countries, let him use what compulsion he likes to compel the down-trodden races to build aircraft for him, it is the human element that is going to count most in the end.

The biggest air training scheme of all time (which must also be about the biggest teaching job of any description of all times) is founded on the perfect team-work of its instructors, British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealanders, South African and United States pilots, observers and ground lecturers alike.

The pupils are even more cosmopolitan.

Among the pupils in one hangar alone, I spoke to two French-Canadians who hardly knew a word of English, an Australian, a Scot, a New Zealander, an American—and one of the ubiquitous Cockneys.

They were bubbling over with the ecstasy not merely of learning to fly, but of learning to fly in such a cause.

Yet they are very serious young men. There is a tremendous amount to learn, an immense amount of groundwork to do, before a chance of winning treasured wings comes your way.

These are not tough, undisciplined, hard-drinking guys—as films dealing with the making of war pilots are inclined to suggest. These are not men who will share their time between shooting down Huns and captivating girls by the score.

A Highly Strung Breed

These embryo flying men are anything but nerveless toughs. They are a highly strung breed—have to be treated as thoroughbreds if you want to get the best results.

Every man is treated as a separate individual, a special case.

It is mass production only in the sense that there is an enormous outflow of pilots, observers and air gunners all the time.

But the amount of special attention devoted to each pupil is staggering.

Night after night I have seen pupils returning voluntarily to the classrooms after supper to revise their navigation, meteorology or some other subject they have been studying during the day.

Night after night the devoted instructors have been there, sacrificing their leisure to give that individual attention which helps to make an R.A.F. pilot something different from those of the Goering crowd.

You'll always have men failed, of course, if you are going to insist on the best.

But they worry, out here in Canada, over failing a man.

They go into *why* he has failed. They'll do anything to find out the reason, do anything to provide a remedy.

And the result is that fewer and fewer men are being failed on each course.

Even the R.C.A.F. padres have been called in to help in reducing the number of men who can't "get through."

I talked to one. He told me that family worries are responsible for a large number of the cases. A pupil is upset because there's no letter from home. Another is worried about his wife. One had lost his best girl.

The Chaplain-General instructed the padres to find out such things, to bring advice and comfort to the men concerned.

As a consequence, there has been a further big drop in the number of men who hear from their tutors that fateful sentence beginning: "Sorry, but——"

There are plenty of high spirits, but there is no crime—not even in the military sense.

Every course of pupils has one of its number appointed as "course leader," responsible for maintaining internal discipline among his fellows.

The Australians are outstandingly good at keeping discipline among themselves—and, incidentally, completely surprised those instructors who thought there was a likelihood of having trouble with them.

But He was Wrong!

One American instructor said to me one night: "I've got a course of Australians coming in to-morrow. I suppose I'd better buy a pair of knuckle-dusters."

I saw him later. "How about the battle with the Australians?" I asked him.

"There wasn't any," he said. "I was never so surprised in my life. They're the smartest course we've had yet. And the most courteous. And the most hard-working."

This mixing together of all the sons of the English-speaking world is good for all concerned I could wish that it happened more in the Army and other uniformed Services. It clears up many misconceptions.

Nine-tenths of what one Dominion says about the other is proved to be sheer rubbish out here.

For instance, that fiction that Dominion troops don't salute.

There is much more "spit and polish" and barrack-square discipline among the Canadian forces than we normally see at home.

And if a Canadian tells you that he never salutes anybody under the rank of Air Commodore, which I have heard boasted in England, he is "shooting a line."

These lads are not here for a good time. They don't expect a good time. It is mostly hard work.

But the hours of light relief necessary to stop Jack from becoming a dull boy are provided by Canadian people who are utterly fantastic in their hospitality.

Every week-end townspeople and farmers motor in processions to the aerodromes to take out our airmen-to-be and give them the best of good times.

Posted in every airman's mess and club is a list giving the names of people whom they can visit for an afternoon, a day, or a week, without an invitation, without any introduction.

Hospitality isn't graded according to rank.

The newest pupil is as welcome to these people as the highest officer.

One R.A.F. Wing Commander told me that invitations were balloted for among the officers and airmen of his particular station.

The Batman's Party

His batman (who also happens to be the station barber) drew one of the most eminent people in the province as his host.

Seated in the local theatre that night with his own particular host, the Wing Commander looked up and saw his batman in the most expensive box—surrounded by a bevy of beautiful ladies.

Their hair, thought the Wing Commander, looked inexpressibly beautiful.

It transpired later that the batman (as a barber) had been unable to resist the temptation of giving their coiffure his expert attention before going out with them for the night.

I watched a "presentation of wings" ceremony at one station.

The whole of the population had turned up from a hundred miles round to see bright-eyed youth being handed by the Group Captain those white wings which mean so much to the boys of to-day.

How proudly they wear them! How determined they are to show the Germans they are worth any ten of 'em.

I go out in the morning to see them in action—roaring up into the blue.

The throb of their engines matches the throb in their stout hearts.

I went to see the Chief of the Air Staff of the Royal Canadian Air Force—Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, D.S.C.

"Do you know how far they fly—*every day*?" he asked me. "One million miles!"

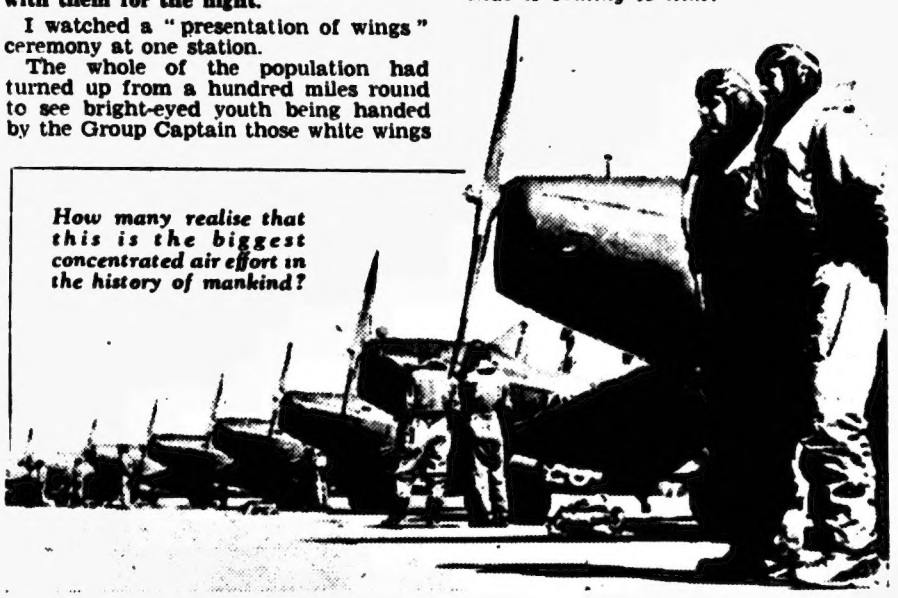
One million miles! Forty times round the earth's circumference. As far as you'd be able to motor in five hundred years on your basic ration. And every day!

The figure will help you to realise the immense scope of what is being done in Canada.

How many realise that this is the biggest concentrated air effort in the history of mankind—as well as the greatest masterpiece of military improvisation of all time?

After two years of organisation, the first year of which was mainly preliminary, we are doing what the *Luftwaffe* was unable to attain in eight years of ruthless preparation for war.

I can sum my impressions up in a short sentence: *Hitler doesn't know what is coming to him!*



How many realise that this is the biggest concentrated air effort in the history of mankind?

SWAT THOSE SALVAGE SLACKERS!

THIS war is finding out the incompetents. I am bound to say that quite a lot of those whose shortcomings have been startlingly exposed to public criticism are the people who have been running our local councils for years.

In districts up and down the land, householders have hunted out every scrap of paper and metal they could find in order to keep the munition factories going.

And, up and down the land, local councils have left those bundles of precious raw material on the householders' doorsteps.

Well, every complaint of that sort received by JOHN BULL has been sent on to Government Departments. And I happen to know that the offenders will have a bad time in consequence.

Not that local councils are the only culprits.

The Army is shirking its duty.

In many barracks no provision at all is made for collecting the empty cigarette packets, old letters and other waste paper not wanted by the troops.

Several readers complain of the great dump of cardboard boxes in the fish dock at Grimsby.

Yet others, again, report that salvage from trawlers and naval vessels is still deposited in bins provided by a railway company at Hull—and carted off to help fill in an old pond!

I have just read an advertisement for a hospital housekeeper wanted by the public assistance authorities at Leytonstone.

It consists of 75 lines of small type!

Yet it pays to save your "waste."

One small trader I know turned out five tons of old ledgers and papers for which the local waste-paper merchant paid £28.

As for private householders, if each sacrificed just one book our war industries would benefit by 4,604 tons!

Somehow, at all costs, Britain has got to do better yet in salvage. If you can help, write to JOHN BULL about it.

No guarantee can be given that your letters will be answered, but you can be assured that they will be quickly passed to the authorities for action.

BE READY FOR THE SP

Sheer desperation will force Hitler to reckless extremes in the Spring. We must be ready, strong and united. Inefficient ministers whose presence weakens the Government must go; new blood must be brought in; our National effort must be supreme . . .

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE debate that is proceeding in Parliament as I write is a warning as well as an inspiration. It is an inspiration because it reminds us that we are a free nation. It is a warning because it reminds us that freedom must not be abused.

Hitler can drive his people to ruin and no dog barks. He can gamble with millions of lives in Russia and no one can call him to book. He is a god beyond challenge, restraint, or question.

MR. CHURCHILL IS NOT A GOD. HE IS ONE OF OURSELVES THROWN UP BY HIS OWN GENIUS AND BY OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS TO MEET A VAST EMERGENCY. PARLIAMENT HAS MADE HIM. PARLIAMENT, AS HE PROUDLY TOLD HIS AUDIENCE AT WASHINGTON, CAN DESTROY HIM.

He is not sacrosanct. He is open to attack. Mr. Shinwell can call him to book—Lord Winterton, if he can convince Parliament that he has a good case, can knock him out of the ring.

This is as it should be. This is what liberty means. This is democracy. It is to preserve this freedom from perishing that brave men are dying over the whole earth.

★ ★ ★

But this freedom must not be abused. Criticism must not be exploited for personal, Party, or mischievous motives.

It must aim not at breaking the country into factions but at uniting it and inspiring it with a single purpose.

Above all, it must be fair. It must see the war as a whole. It must not seize on every reverse to create distrust of our leadership without taking account of the sum total of things.

All wars are a record of hits and misses, miscalculations, and fortunate strokes. No war goes according to plan.

If war were a certainty there would be no wars. Hitler thought it was a certainty. He knows better to-day.

Now, taking the sum total of things, can it be denied that we have cause for confidence and deep thankfulness?

Cast your mind back. I will not say to those dark and unforgettable days of the summer and autumn of 1940, but to last winter.

We were still alone, still unarmed, still reeling under the surrender of France, still under the shadow of the immense might of Germany.

The Suez, that jugular of our empire, was in imminent peril. The enemy were in Abyssinia, in Libya. They had Syria, Irak, and Persia under their thumb. It was a question whether we could hold the Mediterranean.

Our Atlantic life-line hung by a thread. Italy was still formidable. Hitler was master of Europe. Russia was still apparently his friend. Isolationism was rampant in America.

Spain, Gibraltar, North Africa, Malta—wherever we looked we looked into ominous things. And we were still only partially armed.

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SUCH was our position last winter. What is it to-day? Russia is our ally—handed to us by Hitler. The United States is our ally—handed to us by Hitler.

The mighty war machine of Germany is snowed up in Russia. The Battle of the Atlantic has been fought and won. Italy is battered and all but driven out of Africa. The Suez is safe. We are masters of the Mediterranean. We hold Syria, Irak, and Persia.

The legend of German invincibility is broken. World opinion as to the issue of the war is swinging round in our favour, and the oppressed peoples of Europe are recovering hope and with it courage to resist.

Spain is noticeably less disposed to walk into the German parlour. Turkey, fortified by our presence in the rear, has rejected all Hitler's bids for favour and bars the alternative route to the Caucasus.

And we are now armed, and have the greatest industrial power in the world arming at white heat behind us.

So far as our position *vis-a-vis* Hitler is concerned, we are no longer the under-dog. We are on top. His Russian adventure is a stupendous catastrophe for him.

It has cost him the flower of his army and halved his striking power. He is caught in the embrace of the Great Bear and cannot escape.

He must renew the attack in the Spring, for oil he must have, and have soon if he is to continue the war. And meanwhile the Libyan cancer is eating into his extremities.

Can he, dare he, gamble elsewhere?

Dare he add Turkey to the list of his enemies? Or strike at Gibraltar and North Africa? Or risk all in a desperate lunge at this country?

★ ★ ★

IF this were the whole story we might flatter ourselves that the end was in sight, and there would be no ground for criticism of our conduct of the war. But it is not the whole story.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WILL GERMANY MISS ITS GENERALS?

● The list of Hitler's pet generals who have met sudden ends is having two effects on the German mind.

They are beginning to doubt why the mortality rate among their generals is so surprisingly high. It either means that Hitler is afraid of a plot to depose him among the military generals or that the generals themselves are quarrelling and getting rid of one another.

Then, gradually, there is being whispered among the populace this question: "If our generals, the finest in the world, have failed to beat the Russian armies, how can Hitler, who is not a soldier, do it?

In this country the replacement of a military chief is no serious matter. In Germany it is dangerous, either as a proof of failure or a confession of fear.

Despite the *Gestapo*, rumours are circulating. . .

Hitler without his leading generals would be hopeless. Even with them, Stalin's armies force the Germans back.

SHOULD TROOPS BE USED ON CIVIL DUTIES?

● Transport confusions, inevitable during winter months, make this question more than ever vital.

If our Army were still fighting in France, it would be playing an important part in running the railways, keeping the roads in order, and doing a hundred jobs here left to the civil authorities.

Yet, although we are at war in Britain, the War Office allows hundreds of thousands of soldiers, trained but as yet unwanted, to do nothing.

The stupidity of it is best explained by my experience in the *blitz*.

I once went up to the headquarters of the Southern Command to have explained to me why soldiers could not be used to clear away the wreckage of London, as I had demanded.

A few weeks later I was invited to go up to be told that soldiers were now to do it.

Then, while London wanted doctors months ago, four hundred were in one Northern district doing nothing but wait for military casualties that we have not yet had.

WHAT PRODUCES THE CIVIL SERVICE MIND?

● One of the gravest problems before this country in the future is how to discover and train Civil Servants with the high gifts necessary to administer national business, which is growing every day.

Every new scheme of common ownership requires a superman in charge of it—and there are no supermen.

The troubles in the Civil Service are due to two things—their utter lack of final responsibility, which must always remain while Ministers themselves are directly responsible to Parliament. Out of this a passing-the-buck system grows—indents, memoranda, passing on forms. All this causes wasteful delay, delay costly in peace time and criminal in war.

Civil Servants start off with high qualifications for small jobs. They deteriorate because, generally, they are promoted by seniority and because, if they make no mistakes, their ample pensions are safe.

And, if you do nothing, you can't make a mistake.

CANNOT FOOD THEFTS BE STOPPED?

● "Would the death sentence deter the highly organised crooks who are now stealing foodstuffs and selling them in the black markets?" I am asked.

It is no good punishing at the end. Capital punishment never stopped anything.

The black markets should have been stopped at the start—and the start is when you yourself try to get something to which you are not entitled. If there were no buyers there would be no sellers, and without sellers there would be no black markets.

Al Capone and all the other American gangsters who made millions out of bootleg whisky became rich only because, in Prohibition days, the most respectable people, even Senators, insisted on drinking it. So the demand was supplied.

SPRING

The irruption of Japan into the ring is a dark blot on our landscape. And it has opened the floodgates of criticism.

The fury and success of the attack has shocked public opinion. It has disclosed, both in regard to this country and America, a degree of ignorance of Japan's power, and a blindness to her notorious ambitions and an unpreparedness to meet her challenge that are paralysing.

As in the case of Germany, so in the case of Japan, successive Governments have been guilty.

This Government cannot escape its share of the blame. But it is fair to remember the greatness of the crisis it had to meet in Europe, the smallness of its resources, and the dreadful handicap which the collapse of France involved.

Had not France fallen, Indo-China would not have become the spring-board for Japan's whirlwind attack on the East Indies.

* * *

BUT BAD AS THIS STORY IS, DO NOT LET US GET IT OUT OF FOCUS. HITLER IS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. BEAT HIM AND WE WIN THE WAR.

Whatever Japan's successes, they cannot help Hitler except in so far as she withdraws striking power from his front to the Pacific.

That for the moment she will do, for the whirlwind must be arrested. It will be arrested when all the available resources of the United Nations are mobilised to hurl back the suicide rush.

And let it be remembered that there is another side to this bad business. But for this suicide rush, America would not to-day be all out at our side.

Hitler loses more on the American swings than he wins on the Japanese roundabouts. He gains a little in time, but he makes his final defeat more certain.

He has thrown Russia and America into our scale, and Japan is no counterpoise for so huge a handicap.

These large considerations should temper criticism. They should rob it of that querulous nagging which seems more concerned to upset the Government than to destroy our enemy.

THERE ARE REAL GROUNDS FOR FAIR AND DISPASSIONATE CRITICISM. THERE ARE WEAK PLACES IN THE GOVERNMENT. FRESH BLOOD AND BETTER BLOOD SHOULD BE INTRODUCED.

The co-ordination of production is still lacking. We must get rid of the grit in our relations with India.

But taken in the large, the record of Mr. Churchill's Ministry is one for which this country and the world should be eternally grateful. And our debt to Mr. Churchill himself is beyond estimate.

That, I believe, is the overwhelming verdict of the nation. It has backed him up with a unity of front never before achieved in our history.

The criticism that aims at disturbing that unity and creating a spirit of faction is a public danger.

A new world has been hewn out of the vast Siberian wastes

Meet Stalin's Miracle No. 2

By JOHN CASHEL

EVERYBODY now knows about Russia's industrial Miracle No. 1—the silent building up of the surprise reserve arsenals in the Ural Mountains, 1,000 miles east of Moscow, that delivered the goods to the Red Armies when westernmost armament factories fell.

But scarcely anybody knows much about Stalin's unboosted Miracle No. 2.

To glimpse it working, you would have to travel east beyond the Urals for 2,000 miles on the new double-tracked Trans-Siberian Railway to the great lake called Baikal, in central Siberia.

Having looked at the mushroom cities round this 400-miles-long lake and marvelled at the first half of the miracle, you would have to go east for another 2,000 miles to view the second half of it, with its tail-end at Vladivostok.

Danger Spot

It is along this last lap—Stalin's Other 2,000-Miles Front—that the fur will fly if Japan attacks Siberia and stages the final scene of Axis doom.

But whether they strike at Siberia's heart, or at its far east extremity, awaiting them will be the new war-supply cities with the Red Armies in front of them.

How far has Stalin worked this mysterious Miracle No. 2?

Confidential reports cautiously stress the almost superhuman difficulties of converting the Land of Snows into humming industrial towns and fertile acres.

But wise caution may underestimate the truth, just as Hitler underrated the progress and power of the Red Armies of the West.

Observe first the far eastern front, from Vladivostok for 1 000 miles or more to the west along the gun-bristling Manchukuo border!

Here a Red Army, estimated early in 1941 at nearly 500,000 strong, is pinning down a Jap army equally strong, and immobilising it from taking part in Japan's southern war against the Pacific Allies.

The Vital Heart

This Red Army would stoutly defend Vladivostok, because here Stalin has developed a powerful air base, railway repair shops, and other enterprises, a growing food industry, with collective farms equipped with the most modern machinery.

If this army lost its big toe at Vladivostok, its vital heart of supplies, now situated 500 to 1.000 miles farther north, would still beat.

This is where Stalin has done wonders, in face of terrific climatic odds, to out-romance in hard adventure, if not in scope, the achievement of the Urals.

His new war-supply town of Komsomolsk, on the River Amur, 600 miles north of Vladivostok, was not even a name in 1926.

Now it has more than 71,000 pioneer inhabitants.

Many of them, young engineers, are forging machine-tools out of locally produced iron and steel.

A still larger metallurgical centre, Khabarovsk, increased its population from 52.000 in 1926 to 199,000 in 1939. It also has a big oil refinery.

These cities are furnaced from newly developed local coalfields.

East of Komsomolsk is a new Siberia coast port, Sovietskaeya, a second-line Vladivostok. It is also known as Soviet Haven and Soviet Harbour.

It is a nine-years wonder—built since Hitler seized power in 1933, when Stalin at once started preparing against the menace of a two-front war.

Sovietskaeya is primarily a fishing town. Its refrigerators and canneries already provide yearly scores of millions of tins of preserved fish, a staple diet of the Red Armies—and an easily transportable one.

But it is also the prospective (or present) terminus of the most mysterious railway in the world.

Stalin began building this "defence in depth" railway in 1935.

He did so because, when the Japs overran Manchuria in 1931, they not only got control of his short cut to Vladivostok (the old Chinese Eastern Railway), but endangered his vital Trans-Siberian line.

So, down went the first tracks of his secret line, from western Taishet to pass well north of Lake Baikal and the Manchukuo border to the new port of Sovietskaeya.

No foreigner is so far known to have travelled on it. No outsider is known to have evidence that it has been completed.

East of Sovietskaeya, across 150 miles of rich fishing waters, lies a still richer war prize—the oil-producing island of Sakhalin.

The oil is in the northern half, owned by Russia. The Japs did not know it was there when they were ceded the southern half, now called Karafuto.

But they have a concession to work part of the oilfield, and their rights in the Siberian fisheries are recognised.

Japs' Dilemma

Sakhalin oil, Siberian fish, Vladivostok's bomber menace—these three make half Japan's nationalists want to carry the war north.

The other half—soundly impressed by Stalin's Miracle No 2—have so far won the day by carrying it south towards the glittering prizes of Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies.

But if the Japs decide to go north-west, over the western Manchukuo border and through Outer Mongolia, the first half of Stalin's Siberian miracle, the central arsenal cities round Lake Baikal, will be their aim.

They will be after the machine-tools of Ulan-Ude, just east of the lake, and the capital of the Buryat-Mongolian Autonomous Republic, with whom the U.S.S.R. has had a defensive alliance since 1936.

The Buryats, standing ready to fight alongside the Red soldiers, are kinsmen of the Mongols, and share their Llama Buddhist culture

Another Masterpiece

Bigger plums have ripened in the boom town of Irkutsk, just west of the lake.

Here are the largest aircraft factories in Siberia, machine-tool plants, and, not far away, the great Baikal hydro-electric dam.

This dam, which provides power for the new industrial zone, is comparable with the masterpiece that the Russians blew up when the Germans captured Dnepropetrovsk on the Dnieper.

Coal, synthetic rubber, bauxites for aluminium, copper and other armament materials, have all been locally developed to make central Siberia self-sufficient.

To feed the Red Armies and the armament makers, collectivised and mechanised farms have, even under unsuitable Siberian conditions, generally trebled the grain harvests in a few years.

Stalin, grappling with snowy wastes, has had to offer inducements to work his miracle.

Pioneers who turn forests into cities, engineer and technician settlers who run factories, receive subsidies and awards. Farmers are exempted from taxes. Teachers, doctors, Red Army men get substantial increases in pay.

The realism of roubles, plus the new spirit of Russia, drives on the grim romance of Snow and Steel.

From Vladivostok, Japan's cities are within easy range of Russian, British and American bombers, and even of long-range fighters.

If the Japs go north, a miracle may be needed to save *them*!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

WAR GRAFTERS ROUNDED UP

GRAFT has delayed the building of aerodromes, cheated our fighting-men of much-needed weapons, given the Services faulty material when nothing but the best should do.

It is near-treason that has been tolerated too long.

But now war has been declared against the grafters. There will be sensational developments within the next few weeks.

Many firms of contractors have been asked to hand their books and records over for examination by the authorities.

The output of certain war factories has been subjected to special scrutiny.

Costings have been gone into thoroughly as part of the search for manufacturers who will willingly spend a hundred pounds in bribes to rake in a thousand in overcharges.

Early Prosecutions

Statements have been taken from large numbers of civilians and officials alike.

And the first of a crop of prosecutions will follow within a few weeks. The papers regarding them are already in the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Several lines of inquiry concern the leakage of information from Whitehall to certain contractors, who haven't been slow to profit by it.

One man, occupying a position which gave him access to military contracts, has, in the view of officials who instituted the inquiry, sold a contractor information which included the amounts of tenders of other contractors.

Secrets he has sold in this fashion are believed to include lists of depots where large-scale work was to be embarked on, letters from the War Office to a Command H.Q., and certain confidential reports on contracts pending.

Loopholes in Contracts

Another line of inquiry affects suspected loopholes in the Air Ministry contracting system.

As a precaution, no agent of the Air Ministry holding a comparatively junior position is entitled to enter into new contracts or deal with contract prices.

Without getting permission from any higher authority, they have been entitled to authorise additional work on an existing contract, and this, it is believed, has led to abuses.

The majority of agents have acted with strict honesty and impartiality in permitting such contracts to continue.

But others, it is alleged, have accepted bribes for authorising additional work.

Prosecutions pending may reveal that this type of racket has played its part in producing the chaos that has surrounded aerodrome construction.

Various Swindles

Graft both big and small has come within the scope of the inquiries.

A number of firms are suspected of buying parts at normal cost price (in some cases less) and selling them to the Government at vastly inflated prices.

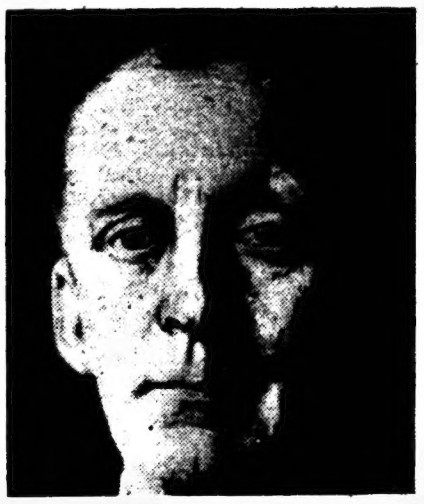
Other investigations concern bribes to enable faulty work to be passed as good.

And, lower down in the scale, comes a clumsier swindle.

It is a trick by which certain firms—no big firm has been suspected of the deception—sometimes pretend to pay money to men who don't exist, and at other times pretend to pay full wages to men working in a part-time capacity.

In some cases it has been found that Government officials have played a not inconsiderable part in the frauds.

Disciplinary action has been taken against a few.



Sir Tindal Atkinson, Director of Public Prosecutions, is in possession of the amazing details

This, however, will not square-up with the public view as to what comprises justice.

They should be made to stand with their civilian conspirators—in the dock!

For the people who are fighting in, working in, and paying for this war view graft in its proper proportions.

Whether it delays production, reduces the quality of production, or increases the cost of production, it is plain sabotage—nothing more, nothing less.

And sabotage and treason we punish with death!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. Hemingway, Sandymount, Minehead, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information supplied.

Address letters to me personally, marking envelope: "Public Benefactor."

You Bet They're Hidden!

CLOAKED in an atmosphere of religion and mysticism, quite a number of curious organisations are operating to-day.

One is called "The Order of the Hidden Masters" and uses twelve closely typed pages of good paper (in these times!) to push its strange doctrines.

* * *

It is a society divided into three groups with a "Supreme Being" in charge. This exalted personage must not be seen by anyone other than his closest collaborators, while his name must not be even whispered outside his own secret chamber.

Candidates have to take oaths and study for three years in the Outer Circle (known as Mystai) before going into the Inner Circle (known as Epoptai), where they pass as the "Veiled Ones."

Thereafter, only the luckiest can gain access to the Supreme Council, conducted by Hierophant, Supreme Grand Master, himself.

It is all very weird until you get down to the question of money. Then a strangely mundane atmosphere prevails.

* * *

Followers are all pledged to secrecy, and must agree to pay a monthly subscription of five shillings for postal lectures, plus "conscience" donations periodically by cheque or uncrossed postal orders on which the name of the Order must on no account be written.

And as the finances of this queer sect are entirely in the hands of the Supreme Council, under the guidance of the Grand Master himself, no questions are permitted about them.

All members are selected with infinite care, and must be willing to abide by all the rules of secrecy. And the literature is so safeguarded that "Hierophant" will wonder how I got mine!

Members must wrap themselves in mystery! They "are as hidden as the Masters themselves, and none may know another unless by special dispensation . . . and for very special reasons."

And "the only address will be a post box number . . . and it will be entirely useless for any person to endeavour to trace any of their members or their addresses."

The headquarters, at Bellevue Parade, London, S.W., is in a flat over a combined florist's and furniture removal business. All one can gather there is "Write—that is all you can do." No admissions are made, or information given, to callers.

Readers are advised to save their twopence halfpennies.

"SERVICE COMFORTS" LOTTERY—EXIT!

READERS in every part of the country will be interested to know the sequel to my exposure of the impudent "Service Comforts" Lottery run recently from a temporary address in Redhill by a man calling himself Milne.

He used the name of the Variety Artistes' Ladies' Guild on 6d. tickets which flooded the land.

On various charges he has just been fined at Redhill a total of £136 (including costs), which, he stated, would be paid out of "promotion expenses"!

During investigations the Redhill Police maintained close contact with my department, and took away many hundreds of letters and tickets which readers sent me.

Milne, in the name of W. A. Reid, tried to run a similar venture about two years ago under the "auspices" of another well-known charity, but dropped it when the organisers threatened him with an injunction if he went on using their name.

I am getting tired of condemning our lottery laws as farcical.

Desert Agony of Nazi Slave Gangs

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

BLACK men—Senegalese whose fathers had been released from slavery fifty years ago—stood silent and bewildered as they saw *white* slaves marching under heavily armed guard through the streets of Casablanca.

So slavery had returned to the world, even though the victims this time were German and Austrian anti-Fascists, disbanded French Legionaires, Czechs and Spanish Loyalists on their way to carry out forced labour for Vichy and Hitler on the fringe of the African desert.

One of the slaves to escape alive told me his story.

He had no doubt that the Nazi preparations in French West Africa aim at something more than exploiting the riches of Central Africa.

Primarily, the Germans seek to get strategic bases for a final attack on the American Continent.

Sinister Activities

He had seen the tentacles of the Nazi spider at work, observed the activities of Hitler's agents in Dakar, Bizerta, and in Casablanca.

Tall, blonde young fellows whose civilian clothes scarcely hide six, eight years of army drilling, and whose close-cropped hair gives the game away anyhow, click their heels and give the Nazi salute as they pass.

Refugees from Nazi Germany have shudderingly recognised *Gestapo* agents among their number.

Agents swarm the big shops and stores, planning the vast looting expedition that will begin when Berlin gives the sign and Vichy bows its head in cowardly approval.

French Colonial officials look on helplessly, the majority hoping against hope: "If only the British would come!"

At great risk they have warned some of their own nationals that the Nazis have already planned their arrest. They have helped many to escape.

But they can do nothing for the grim processions of white slaves whom the Nazis send to face something worse than death on the trans-Sahara railway, one of Hitler's pet projects.

Nazis have taken control of the desert stations. They have ordered the dismissal of French workers—because slaves are cheaper.

Lash and Bayonet

Many are quite strong, young men when they are landed at West African ports. They weaken fast as their work carries them ever deeper into the dreaded hinterland.

They work at the lash of the whip or point of the bayonet so that Hitler can have his trans-Sahara railway completed by 1944.

Rock has to be hammered by hand to the size of gravel. Men have to carry impossible loads of heavy rails, on little food.

They mould the blocks of pressed sand on which the rails rest, build the bridges, level the sand, dig for the water too precious for them to have in any quantity. Many die.

The few who save sufficient energy to escape are guided by the bleached skeletons of other slaves across the furnace-like desert.

Some have preferred to go deep into the interior, where white men rarely tread. They prefer the terrors of the Unknown to those that they know.

Anything to avoid the slavery that Hitler has reintroduced to the world in the guise of a New Order!

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BLAST!..

BY WALDO KELLAR

A policeman looked in, and saw a perfectly normal scene of the more respectable side of night-life in Soho

SO old that he was almost dead, and so dirty that he was almost buried, the old beggar used to come, in the small hours of every morning, to the café in Dean Street. The proprietor of the café, who was as charitable a man as I ever met, always gave him a parcel of food.

I believe that the food consisted of leavings; bones that still had bits of cutlet clinging to them, and slices of bread and butter only partly eaten.

But the old beggar was profoundly grateful, for he was one of those unhappy men of no known antecedents, who are never seen by daylight, and seem to sprout like strange mushrooms after dark, in the region of the dustbins of the West End.

I mention him first.

He, among others, lives to bear witness to the truth of this story.

The police saw what happened that nightmarish night when the bombs fell in the West End; A.R.P. workers saw it; but only the old beggar lives to mourn that amiable little café proprietor.

He was a Latin of some kind, and he had a goldfish which he kept in a bowl. It seems that he had something of a weakness for goldfish. He always kept at least one, which swam disconsolately in meaningless circles.

From time to time his goldfish died, and then he would shake his head sadly—for he was a man who had sympathy with all God's creatures—and buy another one.

His neighbours know how he used to worry about these goldfish, and how he used to debate whether ants' eggs were really good for them to eat. . . .

This is a story without a plot. It is a story of which neither you nor I will ever know the meaning.

It is an account of one small stroke of an inscrutable providence.

★ ★ ★

NIGHT. Raid. The sirens had howled, and were silent; and then out of a black distance there came a sort of pulse-beat. The bombs began to fall.

The café in Dean Street was always open until four or five o'clock in the morning. Strangely enough, it continued to be open after the fantastic incident of the bomb.

It was, I believe, a five hundred pound bomb, which came down with a hiss and a crash. An empty restaurant next door to the café went up in the air in a shower, and down to the ground in rubble.

Those whom it most nearly concerned ran to the spot.

The restaurant was blasted. There was a macabre ruin luridly lit by yellow fire.

But the café next door remained untouched. Its windows were unbroken, and its black-out screens undisturbed. For all that the outside of that café indicated to the contrary, the bomb might have fallen fifty miles away. Nobody had come to the door. Behind the curtains the lights still burned.

A policeman looked in, and saw a perfectly normal scene of the more respectable side of night-life in Soho. The little square glass-topped tables stood in perfect order. The counter, or coffee bar, was undisturbed. The big glass showcase containing cakes and whatever sweets the war had left available, stood, shining in the light of the bulbs.

As usual, there was a drift of blue smoke under the ceiling. The policeman remembers—it is odd how little things like this hit a man's mind in great moments like these—he remembers seeing two flies, engaged in courtship on the unsullied surface of a mirror.

And the café was full of people.

This is exactly what he saw:—

At the table nearest to the door sat a man and a woman. The man was leaning forward over an untouched cup of coffee, holding the woman's hand.

They were both young. He was dark, small-boned and slender, and in his eyes there was a look of strange anxiety. He was well dressed.

So was the woman. She, also, had not yet drunk her coffee. Her face was sad. Upon a mass of reddish hair, arranged in a kind of well planned unconventionality, there was perched a very small and exquisite black hat. She was dressed in light clothes, which were unruffled.

The policeman said: "Are you all right?"

Then he looked closer and saw something extraordinary. Between the first and second fingers of the man's free hand there hung something grey and fluffy. It was a bar of cigarette ash. Where the ash met his fingers, there were two blisters.

He was dead, and so was the woman. Yet that force which had killed them, God knows how, had flicked away their lives with such consummate delicacy that it had not disturbed the ash of the cigarette or the poised cups brimful of coffee.

Near by sat a man alone. He was wearing his hat, which was pushed to the back of his head as if in perplexity. The hand that had pushed it there remained, lightly touching his forehead. He was well dressed, but needed a shave. Clenched tightly in his other fist there were two pennies, and this was all the money they found on him.

BEHIND him sat, again, a man and a girl. The girl's eyes were very wide open. She was looking at the man opposite her with an expression of the most whole-hearted affection, as if his face was a wonderful book in which she was in the course of reading great and profound secrets.

Yet there were no great and no profound secrets in his face. On the contrary, his thickish lips were curled in an expression of cruelty and triumph. There was something coarse and savage about him, in spite of his carefully pressed striped suit. Before sitting down, he had pulled up the legs of his trousers in order to preserve the knife-edge creases in them, and so he was displaying a good deal of lavender-coloured sock.

Against the opposite wall, half-sitting and half-leaning, there reclined a woman. Her appearance left no doubt as to her means of livelihood. Her clothes were at once cheap and sensational; she was past her first youth, yet too youthfully dressed. She must have tried very hard to retain an appearance of juvenility; perhaps, in half-light she succeeded in maintaining that appearance.

Between her lips there was a cigarette, unlit. Her right hand held a little mechanical lighter of white metal. She looked tired. Her eyes were half open, but the rest of her face looked asleep, and upon the bar at her elbow there stood a cup containing the dregs of tea—a pattern of tea leaves which, perhaps, some fortune-teller might have interpreted as a message of doom, because she, too, was dead.

FURTHER back, at another table, there sat two very old men. One of them was a Greek. His left hand, still beautifully shaped, and meticulously clean, was holding a little piece of turned wood. It was a pawn in a chess game. He had the white pieces.

The game had been going on for a long time. It had been a desperate struggle. Neither of the old men could have been very skilful players, for the board was nearly empty. (Or can they have been masters?).

The old Greek had been on the very verge of his winning move, when the angel of death flapped his wings.

His opponent had an air of bewilderment and frustration.

His game was lost.

There were other customers in the café, but they also were all dead. They had died suddenly and, unmistakably, in perfect peace.

The waitress had snatched that moment to sit down behind the bar, upon a kind of hinged stool fixed to the wall. She sat with her chin on her left hand; dead. In her eyes there was a look of weary contemplation, and in her left hand a teacloth.

Only one person lay on the floor, and that was the amiable little proprietor of the café. He had been on his way to the counter when the blast struck. His face was composed in a little professional smile of welcome—his invariable expression; an affected smile, behind which there was always a little spark of real amiability that shone through him like light breaking through a crack in a mask.

Only one thing in that place remained alive. It was the goldfish.

As the policeman, who felt that he was in the presence of something great and terrible, backed to the door, the old beggar arrived. He, who had long ceased to care whether he lived or died, had come for his parcel of food. When he heard that his benefactor was dead he said nothing at all, but shrugged a ragged shoulder and shuffled away in the direction of Wardour Street.

★ ★ ★

THAT is the story which you must interpret as best you can.

There was a night. There were people obedient to their unknown destinies, met in this place. Then the bomb fell. One of those mysterious waves of power that come, sometimes, from the blast of high explosive, killed them without disturbing them. And the goldfish, whose life-span could never have been more than a breath, survived; and so did the man beyond hope who seemed not to want to survive.

You must work out the reason for yourself. But I do not think that you will be able to, because this is one of those true stories that are beyond the comprehension of man.

HUMAN MACHINE

"The Churchill Touch"

Every schoolboy in England knows what you mean if you speak of "The Nelson Touch."

He knows the story of the great sailor who put his telescope to his blind eye and then blandly declared that he could not see the signal he did not wish to see.

For the past eighteen months we have been treated to a free lesson in the art of facing life by another great Englishman, a man who is going down to history as one of the most courageous, indomitable and heartening leaders we have ever had.

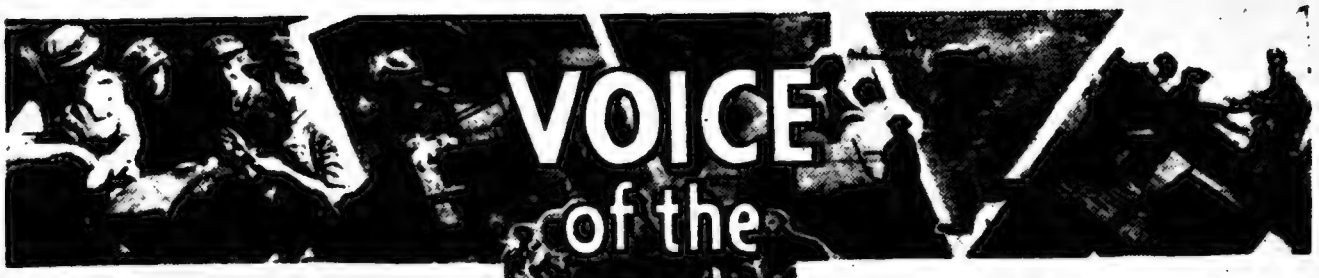
We have been having from time to time superb demonstrations of what might well be called "The Churchill Touch."

The Prime Minister's recipe for facing life and its problems is quite simple:

Be thoroughly realistic; avoid dodging issues just because we don't like them; face up boldly and manfully to whatever may lie ahead; and do our best, relying on no one but our own strength of mind and strength of will.

In his great work, "Marlborough, His Life and Times," Winston Churchill sums it all up in one sentence: *The only safe course is to assume that the enemy will do his worst*—i.e., *what is most unwelcome. With that provided against, lesser evils can be resisted*

If you want to know how to steer a clear course between baseless pessimism and equally baseless optimism, there it is—from an unchallengeable source.



VOICE of the TROOPS

LINDBERGH *has changed his tune.*

He now says that Britain and Germany together should have fallen on the Yellow Races—bracketing the Chinese and the Japanese.

A good get-out, of course, for a man who has to explain away to an America at war with the Nazis his many speeches praising the Huns.

But take a look at the Chinese—see the people he would have Britain and Germany fighting as allies.

The picture is presented by a British tanker officer, C. G. Foot, writing from China to his mother at Queen's Avenue, Kenton Lane, Stanmore:

I am learning the spoken and written Mandarin Chinese—the Kuo-Yu, or national tongue. I am being taught by Chinese friends.

You often expressed how you liked the Chinese. Fairly long and close contact with them has taught me they are the most cultured and civilised race in the world.

It is impossible to meet nicer people. It is a great pity the Western Powers haven't realised earlier the tremendous fight that Chiang-Kai-shek is putting up—not only for China but for the world.

If "Britain can take it," so, too, can China.

Practically without fighter aircraft and A.A. guns they have stood up to horrors of warfare that the Germans started to employ years after the Japanese.

Take it from me, Japanese atrocities in China would be incredible if it were not for the fact that they can so obviously be proved.

But China still carries on. Chungking, lacking defences, has the world's greatest A.R.P. system.

Out here we see a shabby bit of bunting. Truly there is no more shabby sight than a British tramp steamer. At her stern flaps that grubby piece of bunting known as the Red Duster.

But it is the proudest flag that has ever flown in this world. Beneath it, men defy everything. It is fitting red. It is dyed with the blood of our seamen.—C. G. F.

★ ***If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***

JERRY DOESN'T LIKE IT!

Perhaps you have wondered what a Russian winter is like.

Well, Mrs. G. Mealing, of 22, Ramsey Road, Dormanston, Yorks, has had a letter from "Alf," serving on a British naval vessel which has recently visited a Russian port.

It is addressed to "Mother, Dad and Eddie," but Mrs. Mealing has forgotten to explain her relationship to the writer. Anyhow, here is the picture:

It is so damned cold that although we have plenty of warm clothing no more than two hours at a stretch is permitted on deck. Then we have to go down to thaw out.

I have grown a beard for warmth's sake that would make it difficult for you to recognise me.

Despite all this, I have only to do one round of the guns, and my precious beard is frozen stiff, due to moisture from my breath.

We were staggered when we were told the temperature was ——— (figure suppressed for obvious reasons), but they told us "The worst is yet to come."

We got caught in an ice-floe, and nearly lost our boat with its crew. These floes are very beautiful, but they seem to be on you before you realise they are near.

Still, we do well for things, are very happy, and simply longing for a chance to spend more time ashore with the Russians, whom you can't help liking—Alf.

AN ARAB, THAT WAS!

Stealthy people, Arabs, according to a letter received by Mrs. A. Byron, c/o 124, St. Helens Road, Prescot, Lancs, from her soldier son in the Libyan desert. Amusingly, it relates:

Having left our camp to explore the desert, we came across a dead camel.

Its harness was of very little use to us infantrymen, of course. But we did see that the reins and various straps would make excellent belts.

And the solid-looking leather saddle, we saw at once, would come in handy for the repair of boots.

Well, with no intention of taking anything of value to anybody, we took it away. Getting busy on it, we found—hidden under the lining—some bottles of scent, some packets of razor blades, and five English Treasury notes.

We felt it our duty to tell our officer. He cleared up one mystery by explaining that camel drivers often did business with white men—hence the little stock of goods and money.

That being explained, the saddle was put away to await a proper claimant.

Well, mother, when morning came the saddle had gone. Not a sight of it anywhere.

Then, when the incident had been forgotten, it was the duty of one of our patrols to go out over an area in which was a watering-place at which camels have been watered for generations.

The drivers were squatting as their camels drank. But one stood up, saluted, made the Arab sign of brotherly affection, and then, with some wailing and moaning, indicated his saddle.

It was the one we had found. And it had been beautifully repaired.

★ ★ ★

THE GIRLS OBLIGE

Now for the best letter we have yet read from a girl who is helping to serve the guns.

She is Gunner Grace, aged seventeen and a half, of the A.T.S., serving with a mixed battery somewhere in Britain, and, writing to her parents at Aime Road, Watford, she relates:

We've had a raid. Our battery fired 101 rounds. We had to hold camp doors shut while the guns were fired, in case they blew open and exposed a light that would give the situation away.

I was a bit scared at first, but it soon passed.

My first impression was of a big ball of fire from each gun that almost blinded, and then, a second later, a terrific crash that shook the foundations. Then rolls of thunder as the shells exploded in the air.

Other sites opened up, but one of the German machines fell to *our* guns—and we girls can be pardoned for thinking that we have at least one Hun to our credit.—Rene.

★ ★ ★

YET PEOPLE GROUSE!

And now our shortest letter yet. Just "Cheerio, Keep Smiling," from Private Jack Smallman, addressed from the Middle East:

"Soon after receiving it," explains his mother, Mrs. Smallman, of Old Lea, Woodseaves, Stafford, "we received news that he had Crossed the Bar, leaving a young wife and two babies, one of whom he never saw.

"Never mind. We are going to do as he says. We are going to Keep Smiling. He was a lad who never had a grumble. Why should we?"

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

PRODUCTION? The aircraft works where I work is closing for the day because there is a mock invasion in the vicinity.—T. Tuite (address withheld).

★ ★ ★

Suspension of return tickets by hundreds of provincial 'bus companies may be to conserve seats for war-workers, but it is also a big increase in fares. Authorities should see that the companies do not pocket the extra as profits.—W. Corah, Coalville, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Wrong that there should be a purchase tax of 9d. each on dry batteries used to enable the deaf to hear, although they contain special terminals which preclude their use for flash lights.—W. M., Cirencester, Glos.

★ ★ ★

It will cost 6s. 9d. per man to change buttons, badges, etc., of our fire-fighters from A.F.S. to the new initials N.F.S. How stupid in war time, especially as those initials A.F.S. are so covered in glory.—C. J., Kennington Lane, S.E.11.

Chocolate is easiest to find in the canteens of soldiers leading a sedentary life: hardest in camps where strenuous training is in progress, and some compact, slip-in-your-pocket food is vital.—A. G. M., Woolwich.

★ ★ ★

Drive for 11,500 munition girls in Yorkshire cost £25,000, yielded 1,500 recruits (£16 per head). How Hitler must laugh at our namby-pamby methods.—Mrs. Swain, Victoria Street, Grimsby.

★ ★ ★

We obey requests to use electricity economically in our homes, yet see lights blazing all day in shop windows, even when most of the window is boarded up.—E. J. Martin, Grenville Place, Brighton, Sussex.

★ ★ ★

Says Mr. Bevin: "As a rule, women in domestic service won't have to do war work if they're essential to the household." But whose household? What is meant by "as a rule" and "essential"? And who makes the final decision?—V. M., London, W.C.2.

Wedding Are They

It's curious that many married couples imagine they could have been happier with another partner, but in most cases it is a delusion

Says HUMANIST

IT is never easy to explain startling changes in human nature. The happy-go-lucky man suddenly develops into a tyrant; the contented, home-loving wife suddenly breaks out and runs wild.

There is always a reason for these transformations, although the persons themselves may not know what it is.

My sister, who has been married for more than twenty years (*writes a woman reader*), **has recently taken an awful dislike to her husband. She won't go out with him. She can't bear the sight of him.**

This week she has confided in me. She told me that one night she could not sleep, and as she heard voices droning in the kitchen she went downstairs. Her husband was giving a bit of fatherly advice to his eldest son.

The boy said: "Well, dad, if I get a woman as good as mother I shall think myself very lucky."

The father answered: "Take a good look round and make very sure. Marriage is for life, you know. I married your mother because she had to work very hard and I felt sorry for her. We pulled along all right. She has made a good wife and mother. But I met another girl afterwards whom I have never been able to forget. She is in my thoughts night and day. She has never married, and I have a feeling that I have been cheated. So think twice, my lad, before you decide."

My sister heard every word. She felt that she wasn't wanted. She wonders whether her husband is waiting for her to die so that he can marry the other girl.

Please tell me what I can say to comfort her.

What a pity the wife overheard that conversation! But for that she might still be reasonably happy. And what a fool the father was to talk in that way to a boy who admired and loved his mother!

The truth is that a great many married people imagine they could have been happier with another partner. They are like children, who think that other people's homes are nicer than their own.

I should try to make the distressed sister understand this. I should also advise her to live for her children. They do appreciate her and they are worth fighting for.

ONLY the other day a well-known man said to me: "If anything happened to me I believe my wife would die! That is all wrong. No human being ought to live so completely in another."

I am honestly at sixes and sevens (*writes an airman*), **and don't know what to do. Please give me some advice.**

Two years ago I met a young, gay, charming girl, and we became firm friends. We corresponded from the start, and whenever I got the slightest chance of leave I dashed off to see her. We always had a grand time.

Twelve months later I was moved to a camp farther away, and the leaves were at longer intervals. I was madly in love with her. There wasn't anything that was not perfect about her. I let her know how much I cared for her and asked to be engaged to her. She told me not to be ridiculous, as she was only eighteen.

Regrets: a Myth?

The writer then goes on to describe the girl's cooling-off. She befriended a young soldier who had been wounded, and was going about with him. When the airman went on leave she refused to spend the first evening with him. She preferred the company of the soldier.

The letter continues:

Could you please tell me if there is any way to get her back to me? I can't eat, work, or even think straight. I keep worrying incessantly. She is such a fine, sporty girl, and it is possible I have bored her stiff with being so serious.

Really the best advice to a disappointed lover is a poem written in the seventeenth century. It begins:

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

It finishes:

If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

But there may be another explanation.

The girl is young and exceedingly attractive. She is enjoying the sense of power and triumph, making conquests, counting her scalps!

But this is often only a passing phase, and later on she may feel differently. There is no need to give up hope.

It would be good policy, however, not to rely upon her. I recommend the young man to pull himself together and adopt a carefree attitude like the one suggested by the poet.

A SIMILAR problem came from a girl of twenty-one recently:

I don't think you can help me (she wrote). **Nobody can do anything for me. I'm just desperate. I fell in love for the first time in my life about two months ago, and it feels like twenty years.**

The fellow is tremendously popular. He's full of jokes and teases everybody. He knows I like him, but then so do scores of others. I was thrilled when he danced with me at a social, but I was too dumb to say anything. I was more thrilled when he took me out for the evening—dinner and theatre—but I was too paralysed to show my pleasure.

He must have thought me a dreadful bore. If only I could have made him realise that I was crazy about him, that I thought him wonderful; but I could only mumble and behave as if I were frozen inside.

He has not asked me to go out with him again, and I don't think he ever will. I can't help thinking about him all the time. I get flustered if I see him in the street. Tell me what you think—and you need not spare my feelings!

The girl is twenty-one, yet emotionally she is behaving as if she were only fifteen. There is something schoolgirlish about her words as well as her actions. I'm afraid I am not too thrilled about this man. He may be a fine fellow, but he ought not to be worshipped "this side idolatry."

She ought to grow up as fast as she can.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week ***HUMANIST*** *tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your address).*

★ HAROLD A. ALBERT, in another of his thrilling yarns of our hard-hitting submarines, tells you about the almost incredible adventure of the tiny *Ursula*—a mere cockleshell among the mammoth warships she dared right on Hitler's doorstep

'SUB' DAVID GETS A HUN GOLIATH

THEY call it "Hitler's Cabbage Patch"—the perilous estuary of the Elbe, gateway to the hide-outs of Brunsbuttel and the Kiel Canal.

It is guarded by the guns of Cuxhaven and Neuwerk, raked incessantly by the E-boats from Jade Bay, and soaked with deadly minefields.

Germany lies to starboard, Germany to port. The safety channels, leading to the very maw of the enemy, are known only to the Nazis. Even these have been liberally bespattered by certain contributions from the R.A.F.

Into this highway of hate, through sea areas notorious for their winter tides, jauntily edged one of the smallest submarines of the British Fleet—the 540-ton baby *Ursula*, with her twenty-six officers and men.

Desperate Gamble

Every man aboard, from Commander G. C. Phillips to Stoker Anderson, breathed a little faster as they reached the boundaries of Heligoland Bay.

The merest veer of the wind this December day might bring up a voidless blanket of fog to ruin their desperate gamble.

Nor would fog successfully conceal the enemy alone. The wisping drifts would shroud any hope of detecting the tell-tale breakers that might signpost a minefield.

Watching and waiting, Lieut. J. D. Green at the periscope sighted and ignored steamships and destroyers. At the threshold of Raeder's greatest naval base, Phillips counted on bigger game.

"A Christmas treat," he murmured.

It was one of the most audacious patrols ever undertaken by a submarine. For six days—Nazis to right of 'em and Nazis to left of 'em—the youngsters of the *Ursula* played possum until at last the Nazis set before them a banquet fit for mermaids.

Over the skyline a sudden flurry of patrol ships spread fanwise and behind them came a screen of destroyers. At four miles' range, Phillips' keen eyes counted six, and then his heart skipped a beat.

Within the charmed circle he sighted the gun turrets of a cruiser.

"*Koenigsberg* or *Koeln*," he softly told his second officer. "Certainly one of the *Koeln* class!"

But how to get at it? This way and that darted and dodged the destroyers. A tin fish could hardly help but hit one of the watchdogs, but behind it the battleship would go unscathed.

Phillips took the decision of a lifetime, and his crew were with him to a man.

Under the Screen!

"Diving stations!"

Down went the *Ursula*. When the angle was corrected, she threaded her way through the mines as if through a forest.

Mines around them, destroyers above, the submarine passed clean under the escort screen with scarcely a swirl to show her wake.

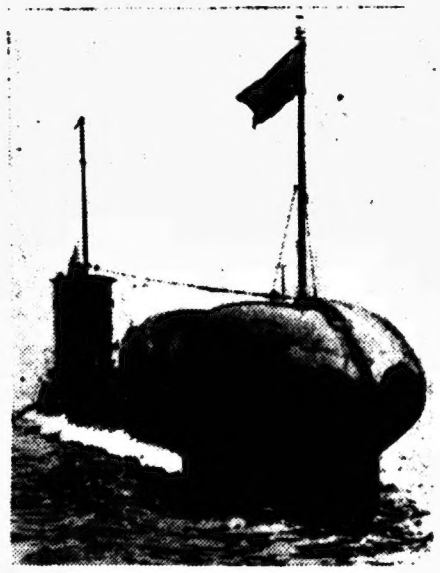
Their attention turned outward, the destroyer watches had no time to realise the menace in their midst. One of the destroyers, indeed, must have innocently grased the *Ursula's* hull to within inches.

With a quick sight through the periscope, Phillips gave his order forrard.

"Fire one! Fire two!"

The first torpedo found its mark.

The explosion nearly capsized the submarine. The second impact was even mightier than the first. The tin fish had fired a magazine.



Ursula is not much to look at, but she started a big panic in "Hitler's Cabbage Patch"

"Easier than winking!" scoffed a Cockney rating.

Then the blast thudded back through the sea and a giant hand, smashing the electric lamp, plunged them in darkness.

Four of the destroyers turned towards their rending mistress as the first depth-charge wrought hell on the sea-bed.

Calmly and carefully, the *Ursula's* "oldest inhabitant" took out his dental plate.

"Satisfied With Her Work"

The rain of H.E.s began in dead earnest. Had they perished, the boys of the *Ursula* would have counted the day well lost. But fate was on their side. Patiently, and with infinite caution, the *Ursula* steered clear.

When the roar in the hydrophones lessened, Commander Phillips took a second quick periscope peep. The destroyers were still frantically busy and the sea was alive with explosions, but of the cruiser nothing remained.

"Satisfied with her work," as the recording angels of Admiralty have set it down, "H.M.S. *Ursula* left an area which, from the many explosions heard, was still very unhealthy."

But not for good. . . .

Another adventure awaited these valiants as they crept around the Skaw in quest of the ore-loaded supply ships Hitler was smuggling from Norway.

Eight miles off the northern tip of Denmark, after surfacing and recharging her depleted batteries, the diminutive submarine had just dived from the tell-tale light of dawn when a ship emerged from the northern gloom.

She was flying a neutral flag—and yet suspiciously racing at full steam to make the mouth of the Kattegat.

"*Heddernheim!*"

Commander Phillips read her name and surfaced. "Stop!" he signalled, and, guiltily, the ship turned course.

The warning shell that roared across her bows drew her up with a jerk. A second or two later a radio message cracked through the ether.

"Am Esthonian. Allow me to proceed."

The Usual Treachery

Rather than sink a neutral, Phillips risked a shell from concealed guns and made a course across the other's stern. The original port of registry had been painted out, but in the sidelong early light the German name showed through!

Such was the *Heddernheim* measure of treachery.

"Esthonian, my eye!" rapped Phillips, and chivalrously signalled: "Will give you fifteen minutes to abandon ship."

Not a boat stirred from the German davits until another ominous shell screeched over the waves.

Then Phillips determined to counter their lethargy by making the skipper his prisoner.

From the crowded decks of the ore ship the German seamen yelled that their "good leader" had killed himself!

It was a tall story. Phillips had a shrewd idea that the Nazi skipper had changed clothes and, pretending to be one of his own seamen, was actually declaiming his own suicide.

Into the *Ursula* instead the British sailors bundled the chief engineer.

Slowly, sullenly, the other Germans took to their boats, cursing, though land was only a few miles away.

Just then "Sparks" handed up another message. Listening in to the German, he had found that, while the crew created every difficulty in order to gain time, the radio officer was sending out pleas for help.

Next instant the *Ursula* picked up a coded signal which clearly implied that aid was at hand.

Calmly, though destroyers might be racing up, Phillips still waited for the boats to draw clear. Presently, with an incisive shot that cut the ore ship practically in two, he gave the *Heddernheim* her medicine.

Loudly the Germans jeered of impending retribution.

Phillips grinned. He had already sighted the rescue ship steaming from the south. It was nothing more than a tiny coastguard vessel, as impotent a craft as could be imagined.

The *Heddernheim's* engineer was a crestfallen, disappointed Jerry a few days later when he stepped ashore *en route* to a British prison camp.

LIFE'S STANDARDS

HOPE never falters, Love never alters, Faith in its course never swerves. Truth never fails us, though Lies may regale us and try to prove Life's squares are curves.

FRIENDS never cheat us, and Courage will meet us wherever Calamity stands. Honour won't borrow and forget on the morrow things lent it by generous hands.

RIGHT never wavers, nor does Duty ask favours, Sincerity shines like God's Sun. Mercy is tender, it won't tire nor surrender, and Sympathy's ties are heart-spun.

SO Life's Standards confront us, though Life may seem to blunt us, but our souls are replenished each day if we'll play Life's Game fairly and face up to things squarely, and report to God as we pray.

J. M.

AYE, LAD—THERE'S NO INCOME TAX TO PAY ON THEM

My missus and I have already got £30 in National Savings Certificates. They will be worth £41 in ten years' time and we don't have to pay a penny piece Income Tax on the increase. You don't wonder we're going on buying them.

NATIONAL

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

THE "TAX FREE" INVESTMENT

Issued by The National Savings Committee

THE LAST LAUGH

GARDENER (Gillingham).—"Nothing will grow without attention." What about whiskers?

R. V. (Wivelsfield).—"Do you believe it is true that the replacement of a German general on the Eastern Front was due to eye trouble?" No, but the Russians had no doubt put his nose out of joint.

G. U. (Collingbourne).—"My wife could talk the hind leg off a donkey." And you don't intend risking a limb by listening to her.

W. W. (Yeovil).—"Hess has stated that it was always Hitler's idea to starve us." Confidence is expressed in this country that the arrival of this extra mouth to feed hasn't made any real difference.

S. B. V. (Midhurst).—"I didn't like the way he greeted me. His manner was very ominous when he asked me to take a seat." Your dentist, eh?

R. D. (Market Rasen).—"If a man is particularly fond of meat he can still get plenty of sausages." But it's meat he wants, isn't it?

T. N. (Emsworth).—"When I put a proposition before the income tax inspector, what do you think he said?" No.

A. Y. (Southminster).—"I have always refused to speak to her though she lives in the same square." But not in the same circle, apparently.

J. K. (Paisley).—"I am always pleased to see a really well-dressed woman." See letter below.

Mrs. K. (Paisley).—"My clothes are in rags and my husband won't part with a shilling to enable me to get something new." See letter above.

F. A. (Normanton).—"The American technique of announcing seems to be creeping into B.B.C. programmes." But we think it will be a long time before an announcer finishes his introduction of the London Philharmonic Orchestra with—"Take it away, Sir Thomas. The mike's yours."

C. P. (Pinner).—"A Nazi broadcaster says that the Fuehrer has a wonderful memory." This must be particularly annoying for him now when he can't help remembering what he said about the annihilation of the Russian armies.

T. Y. (Windsor).—"Contrary to general belief, we hear our own voices exactly as other people hear them." This makes it all the more puzzling why some people insist on singing.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Do yer reckon we ought to keep straight on up this road, or turn to the left?"

O. H. (Groombridge).—"After working for many years on the railway, chiefly as a wheel-tapper, I have now retired and am taking up music." The xylophone, of course.

W. N. (Norwich).—"I was thinking the other day of all the sand that is in sandbags all over the country and what will happen to it after the war." Well, you might make a fortune by starting an egg-timer factory.

H. H. (Northampton).—"It has always been an ambition of mine to be employed in an antique shop." Quite understandable. In taking stock you might come across a long-forgotten packet of cigarettes.

E. L. (Ashford).—"My wife never lets me roll the lawn because as a young man I had asthma." And you still get away with that old wheeze?

L. D. (Oxford).—"An American newspaper correspondent claims to have played bridge with several German generals." There are now enough ex-generals to make up a rubber of their own.

G. B. (Wolverhampton).—"Hitler in a recent speech said he was wounded twice in the Great War." British soldiers who served in 1914-18 are very sensitive about this revelation of their faulty marksmanship.

Side-Slips

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"... in which he stated only one door of the car was unlocked, and that he had left the car there for 10 MONTHS when fire-watching."

HEANOR AND LANGLEY MILL GAZETTE:—"... was summoned for being the owner of three CARS found straying on the highway..."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,306

FIRST PRIZE £50.

J. Bowen, 30, Windermere Road, Barnsley.
Example: KING WINTER
Bullet: THERE'S MY CHIEF, "THRONE"!

£20: F. G. Cooke, 193, Elmore Road, East Howe, Bournemouth.
Example: If Only We'd Awakened
Bullet: When Winston's "Alarm" Went!

£10: R. G. Tattersall, 204, Rocky Cross Avenue, Woolton, Liverpool.
Example: In Whitehall's Pantomime
Bullet: "Home" Flanked—And "Transformation."

£5: T. A. Taylor, 4a, Morice Square, Devonport.
Round The World—"Thunder" Rolling—Hope Flashing.

£4: Mrs. R. Rayner, 48, Butts, Coventry.
Round The World—War's "Flames"—"Search," Wartime!

£3: F. Drew, Trudges, Crediton Rd., Okehampton.
Fanfare Of Trumpets—Honour "Put Forth In."

£2: J. Dobie, 93, Stenhouse Drive, Edinburgh.
When Hitler's Gods — "Gathered," Then "Reshape Globe."

20s.: G. H. Goodbody, 92, Rockwell Green, Wellington.
The Jape—Only "Ghost Of" Stature.

20s.: D. L. Webster, "Burghley," Highfield, Sidmouth.
If Looks As If—Hitler's "Intuition" Rebounded, Too!

20s.: E. Groom, 11, Grove Street, Rounds, Northa.
Duff's New Name—"Gibbed"—Just Missed "Reason"!

20s.: C. H. Morris, 106, Micklefield Rd., High Wycombe.
The Jape—Partly Westmorelanded—Fully Germanised.

20s.: H. Chivers, 51, Rothney Rd., Forest Gate, E.7.
Life In Prussia, But—Hubby Holds Baby Somehow!

Lenny Hooper Award with 3 Gold Pikes above. A list of 3 Winners of 25s. and 50 Winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.
Correction: In issue dated Jan. 17, "Bullet" printed against Key letter B should have read, Britain's Courage—"Reason" To Restore "Broken."

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 258.

WINNERS' WORDS: 1. Guard. 2. Dash. 3. Rest. 4. Dye. 5. Rock. 6. Idea. 7. Hiker. 8. Slow. 9. Skid. 10. Log. 11. Bandit. 12. Sharp or Sling. 13. Hem, Sea or Vine. 14. Hero.

£500 SHARERS: J. Beard, 77, Pendre Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs; Mrs. H. Partridge, 3, Ribbon Cheriton, Folkestone; Ludwig Pilz, 2, Hampstead, R.A.O.C., Bournemouth-in-Bethels; L./Cpl. G. H. Hobson, c/o 6th, High Street, Cockfosters, Wilts; S. Walton, 90, Hookstone Road, South Shields.

Runners-up Awards value £50 shared between 25 entrants. In addition Plum Pudding goes to each prize-winner in this contest.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £350

GREATEST OF THESE

● Only those who have suffered severely through enemy action can appreciate to the full the anguish through which Miss Evelyn Hagan has passed.

Her father, a sergeant in the Northumberland Fusiliers, was wounded four times in the last war, but, still anxious to do his bit, became a fire-watcher.

In April last a land-mine fell on their house, killing her mother, two sisters, and brother. Her father was seriously injured and is still attending hospital. Their home was, of course, completely demolished

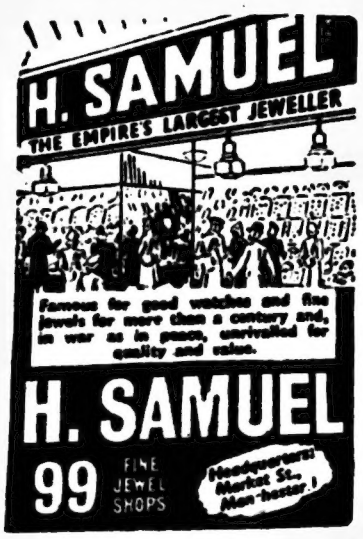
Their sole income is 35s., out of which 15s. weekly rent has to be paid With only £1 for food, coal, light, etc., it is absolutely impossible for them to buy much-needed winter clothing.

We feel sure our readers will do what they can to help this brave girl and her father to purchase the necessities of life which they have lost.

Donations earmarked "Hard Case," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund."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'Take my case'

says Mrs. Candid

"I know Lord Woolton's got his work cut out to satisfy everybody," says Mrs. Candid, "and what he's doing for the children is all very well. But take my case. My husband works 60 hours a week in an engineering shop, it's heavy work and when he comes home he wants a good, nourishing meal. Is it the children who are making the tanks and carrying on the work of the country? How can a man keep going if you take away his food and give it to the youngsters?"

Thank you for raising the question, Mrs. Candid, but aren't you forgetting the special canteen allowances for industrial workers? It's important to the nation as well as to you that your husband should have good and satisfying meals—for he's doing a tremendous job. That is why industrial canteens get specially increased allowances of meat, cheese and sugar. If your husband had been a miner, say, or an agricultural worker without canteen facilities, he would have been able to get a specially large cheese ration. Or if he had been an office worker he might have found handy one of the British Restaurants that are being set up all over the country (there are 1,220 of them already). As you can see,

we've had your case in mind, Mrs. Candid!

FOOD FACTS No. 79. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Good for more than **100** *shaves*

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£1 25 ALL-CASH OFFER

FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

1st PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 288, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter as guessed below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3½ Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3½	3½	3½
INFLUENCE OF THIS ON BOY'S CAREER MAY BE CONSIDERABLE	B I R H			
WILL LEEDS LOSE ONE TO HIDES QUICK-DOORS FIRST TIME	S H F T			
COMMONLY SHARPER MAN INTO A CRIMINAL	U R Y			
GOLFER WITH FAULTY STROKE WILL NEVER BECOME FINE PLAYER WITHOUT	C R E			
IT'S A SCANDAL THAT MANY COMPETENT FARMERS ARE LEFT WITHOUT	A I N			
NOT MANY MEN LIKE TO APPEAR THIS WHEN IN COMPANY	F U N Y			
SHOPKEEPER WOULD BE CERTAIN TO KNOW EVERY ONE WITHIN MILES	C A E			
JAPANS DON'T GIVE GREAT DEAL OF VITAL NEWS IN THIS	A R			
WHERE THERE'S OFFENCE ARMS FOR THIS, HE MAY WELL BE REFUSED	B A L			
IS CONSCIENCE EMPLOYED FOR SAKE OF SAFETY	U S E			
SOME CAUTION IS NECESSARY WHEN TAKING TO THESE	A L S			
WHEN TROOPS GO INTO ACTION, IT'S BETTER THEY SHOULD BE WELL	E D			
IT'S PROBLEM TO GIVE BLACKMAILER SOME A BOOT	T E N E R			
OFTEN GREATER DISCOURAGE INFLUENCE AT INDUSTRIAL COURT	C O W N			

FREE ENTRIES fixed in unions at rate of 6d. for each 2 coupons submitted. 2 coupons FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—name rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 9.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 262)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, and in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 28, shall be Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over £200

FIRST PRIZE—£50 CASH

Others £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 50/- 35/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 CONSOLATION AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE-FRIDAY FEB. 20

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,306 appears on page 14

TARGET FOR TO-MORROW
TROUBLE IN GERMANY
TOO BIG
OUR PROBLEM
HARD TO FIND
ON PAPER
GRIM BUSINESS
HOW WE CAN HELP
DANGEROUS
NO MATTER WHEN
OLD CLOTHES
NOT WORKING
HE'S A TOUGH GUY, SO

SWIFT AND SURE
LIKE SHEEP
BEGINNING TO THINK
LIES
SLIPPERY SLOPE
LONG OVERDUE
SONNY'S POCKET-MONEY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO SMASH THE .....
ALL OVER THE .....
AFRAID OF .....
JUST AS HE .....
COMPELLED TO .....
RUNNING INTO.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES only to contain with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid, Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,310

Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 9.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,310 of Xword No. 288, "JOHN BULL," LORD ABBE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BACKACHE

LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM

A touch of Sloans and the pain goes

Just a few drops of Sloans Liniment gently applied to the loins and back and, almost at once, a soothing warmth penetrates to the tortured muscles. Sloans stimulates the circulation, disperses congestion, and quickly relieves the pain.

In the same way Sloans relieves rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, neuralgia, cramp, sprains and bruises. Buy a bottle now and get this wonderful relief immediately! At all Chemists and Stores.

SLOANS KILLS PAIN

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalising effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/5 and 3/10 (treble quantity) *including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. *(Including Purchase Tax).* Obtainable everywhere.

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Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy! A-hunting we will go—but not with the Brains Trust . . . such men are dangerous!
Mind you, there are easier things to do in this world than mount a horse. For instance, if you are fortunate enough to own a Mullard set, it doesn't matter whether you tune in with your right hand or your left, because you will always enjoy the finest qualities of unwavering reception. The best of reasons why, when victory is won, you will again choose . . . Mullard.

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Said WHITE BRIGHT:
"From Plymouth Sound to Scapa Flow,
There's no Smarter Polish, on Bridge or Below."
Said WHITE SMART (With true Naval Pride):
"Cherry Blossom Shines in Ports Far and Wide."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
BRIGHTEST QUICKEST LASTEST
IN BLACK, BROWN AND TONETTE
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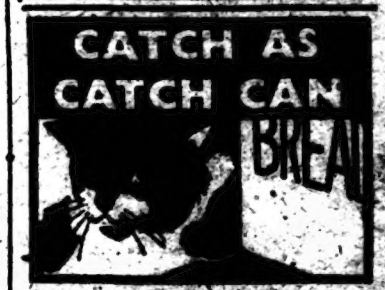

"It's my turn for all night duty again with the Larder Guard. Wish it was someone else. I'm not well. Can't catch mice—they'll be chucking me out soon."

"'TIBS'—just what the doctor ordered! My Mistress notices everything! Now watch me show my thanks!"

"I got two mice baking the bread tin, three on the first shelf and two more at their cat-proof shelter. That 'TIBS' is the stuff to cure the troops."

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"TIBS" are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 1d. for 3, or 1/1½ for 21.
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A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

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1 Straighten head to within 30 degrees.
2 Saturate the head in one minute.
3 Maintain in correct position for the minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the skin erect for shaving.
5 Five applications give to clear all
contents.
7½ 1/2 1/10½

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